WORLD SOCCER

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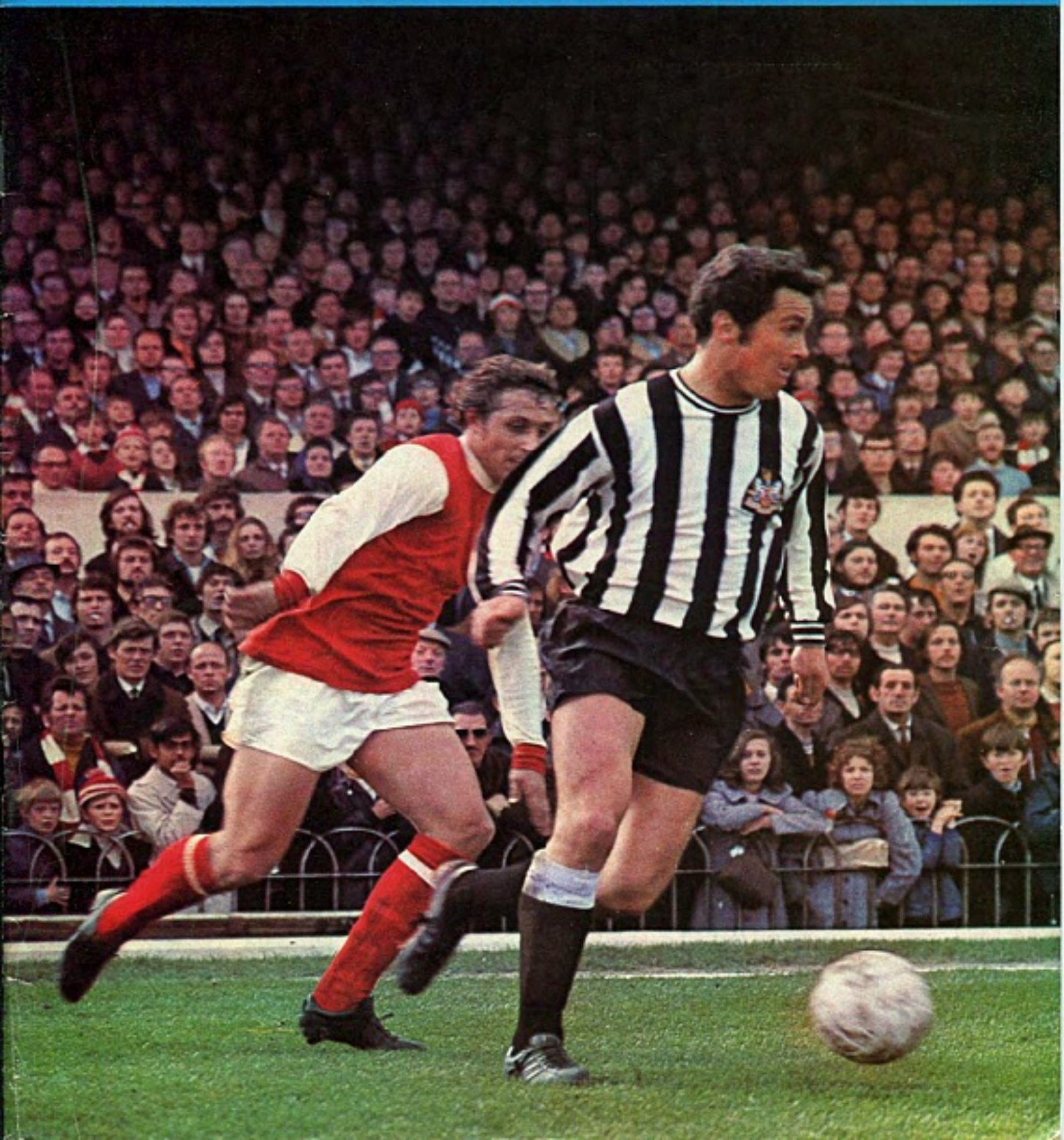
SEPTEMBER 1971



World SOCCER
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WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

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SEPTEMBER WORLD SOCCER 1971

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Tackling from behind is barred

DURING the first week of the 1971/72 Football League season in England almost 100 players were cautioned as referees carried out a new code of conduct. As one who has campaigned for many months for tackling from behind to be barred and for stronger methods against players who will not retreat 10 yards at free kicks, I welcome this drive to improve the game but things are rapidly getting out of hand.

Players are finding themselves being cautioned for trivial offences and a state of utter confusion reigns at present. Stamping out tackling from behind is one thing but booking players for almost every offence, however minor, is another.

The match between Chelsea and Manchester United at Stamford Bridge was brought to boiling point by referee Norman Burtenshaw's decision to send off George Best. One can argue that Best should know better than to argue and that whatever he said to Burtenshaw, the referee would not have reversed his decision to award Chelsea a dubious goal. But argue he did and off he went.

But would he have been sent off had he committed a brutal foul? Probably not; a caution perhaps, but now Best faces a long sentence from the Football Association.

What has naturally upset managers and players this season is the fact that they were left in the dark about the decision to instruct referees to get tougher. Players are not telepathic. I felt sorry for Mike Doyle of Manchester City (among others) who was booked for a tackle that would not even have been deemed a foul last season.

It is getting to the stage where players are frightened to contest possession for fear of being booked. I think that before either the FA or the Football League decide on any change of official policy they should ensure that everybody in the game is fully aware of the situation.

As things stand at present, it is unlikely that there will be enough players available to keep the game in England continuing into the New Year.

THE EDITOR

COVER PICTURE

Arsenal's John Radford contests possession with Newcastle United skipper Bobby Moncur. The new season in England started well for Radford—his club beat Chelsea 3-0 and the third goal came from Radford himself. Not such a bright opening for Newcastle—beaten 2-0 at Crystal Palace.

German bribery scandal sentences

Tasso Wild (left), Manfred Manglitz (centre) and Bernd Patzke.

'The DFB must seriously consider the creation of a second National League'

THE biggest scandal in the eight-year-old history of the German National League, ended with the expected severe sentences for three players plus four officials, as well as the relegated club Kickers Offenbach. All had been found guilty of either accepting, or suggesting or at least pretending to arrange bribes in the form of winning bonuses or rewards for deliberate defeats, designed to help Kickers Offenbach to escape relegation.

Ironically enough, among those who received the stiffest punishment is Kickers' president Horst Gregorio Canellas, the man who set off this chain of events. On June 6, one day after the *Bundesliga* programme had ended, Herr Canellas threw a big birthday party (he was 50), during which he surprised his guests, including several famous sports personalities, by playing recorded excerpts from his telephone conversations with the accused players who were heard to be discussing bribes with Canellas.

Documents

The relevant tapes together with other material were then sent to the DFB. Having sifted through the evidence, examined a number of sworn documents and questioned the witnesses, the DFB-Sports-court convened for two days in Frankfurt and came out with the following verdict:

1. Manfred Manglitz, 31 (FC Cologne), a goalkeeper with four caps, has been banned from football for life and fined DM 25,000 (£2,941). This sum will be passed on to a suitable charity. Manglitz has admitted receiving DM 25,000 as a "bonus" for Cologne's win over Rot-weiss Essen. He was also alleged to have demanded DM 100,000 (£11,765) for "guaranteeing" an Offenbach victory at Cologne.

2. Tasso Wild, 30, the captain of Hertha Berlin, has also been suspended for life.

3. Bernd Patzke, 28, international full-back with 24 caps, also from Hertha, has been banned for ten years, which virtually means the end of his playing career. Both Wild and Patzke were charged with suggesting payment to "ensure" Hertha's victory over relegation-threatened Arminia Bielefeld.

Bonuses

4. Horst Gregorio Canellas, 50, the president of Kickers Offenbach, who was found guilty of paying win bonuses to players from other clubs and also of offering bribes to deliberately losing matches, has been suspended for life from holding any office in football.

5. Waldemar Klein, 51, Offenbach's vice-president, and the club's treasurer, Fritz Koch, 73, have been banned from holding an official position for three years.

6. Friedel Mann, 53, the head of Offenbach's soccer section, has been suspended for one year. All these officials were found guilty of conspiring to aid and abet the fixing of matches through bribery.

7. The club Kickers Offenbach will not be allowed to return to the Bundesliga before 1972-73.

In its summing-up, the Sports-court of the DFB emphasised that the payment of special bonuses by third parties or other clubs is unethical and corruptive, when designed to obtain an unfair advantage over rival clubs. All accused had broken various rules and laws of the DFB, but also those of elementary sportsmanship. Their plea that discussions over the acceptance of sums of money to manipulate the outcome of matches were "not really serious", had been rejected by the tribunal. When men like Canellas sent their emissaries with sackfuls of money to incite players with under-the-counter payments, then they cannot claim to have staged merely a "mock-trial" (!). The two-day hearing proved conclusively that the negotiations between the parties concerned were conducted with the utmost seriousness.

Thus ended the "Canellas affair", this embarrassing corruption scandal which began with the explosion of June 6, to which Herr Canellas himself had lit the fuse. It swept him out of office for ever, but it also ended the career of three players whose behaviour in this case was quite indefensible.

Whether German football will quickly live down this smear on its prestige remains to be seen. But clearly the DFB must now seriously consider the creation of a second National League, to avoid the repetition of similar disgraceful acts. Next time the parties involved might operate with greater caution and escape detection.

For it is a fact that only the scare of relegation has prompted a group of reliable club officials and senior players to act in such irresponsible manner. Because the drop from the *Bundesliga*, which automatically cancels the players' professional contracts, is also equivalent to oblivion from the exalted sphere of German football. A second Bundesliga would soothe the way down and alleviate the fears of relegated clubs. The DFB would do well to accept this solution rather than risk another "Canellas affair".

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1000 BIG PRIZES TO WIN!

WORLD DIARY

by ROGER MACDONALD

Bribed... not to lose but to win

IN West Germany the advertised television programmes are normally interrupted only for gloomy news of the gravest importance, such as the blockading of West Berlin or the death of President Adenauer. Which must be a measure of the significance of the Great Bribery Scandal involving more than half a dozen players, for when the sentences were announced, every station carried an instant news flash.

In the German Parliament MPs tried to get an emergency debate, and questions were asked about the competence of the German FA to deal with bribery charges on this scale. One Member urged the government to postpone the start of the new season until they were satisfied that everyone who should be charged had been brought to trial.

Unravelling the tangled web of charge and counter-charge is no easy task, but what is clear is the lengths some clubs were prepared to go towards the end of last season, in order to avoid relegation from, or achieve promotion to, the National League. They took such desperate measures because, in economic terms, the regional league is disastrous—and professionals earning £100 a week in the Bundesliga can find their wages reduced to a pittance should their club suffer relegation.

What seems inexplicable is that only one of the players so far accused, Stuttgart's Hans Arnold, has admitted receiving money to play badly. He is said to have been paid more than £5,000 to make sure Stuttgart lost to Bielefeld on May 29—as in fact they did, by 1-0.

Regulations

All the other players denied the accusations, and in each case maintained that even if they had taken money, they would not have broken any of the regulations. This was because Offenbach Kickers, whose president, Horst-Gregorio Canellas, blew the story and suffered life suspension as a result, only offered money to players to make sure they *won* a particular game. Hertha Berlin's Tasso Wild argued unsuccessfully to the FA disciplinary court that if he *was* being paid to play at his best, and did in fact play at his best, all he had received was a bonus, and accepting bonuses was not a serious offence.

Opposition

However the implication was that Offenbach would not have tried so strenuously to hand over money to make sure their fellow relegation candidates were beaten, unless they had a shrewd suspicion that the match would be fixed by the opposition if they did not. So Manfred Manglitz, Wild, Bernd Patzke, Lothar Ulsass and the others were really sentenced for a crime they must have contemplated, rather than the one they actually committed.

The big difference between this affair and the case involving several British players a few years ago is that no criminal offences seem to have been committed. Under German law it is an offence only to bribe state officials, and all other inducements are permissible. But in any case Manglitz, Patzke, etc., have been deprived of their livelihood, which no doubt is punishment enough.

Promotion

It seems likely that we will hear of more bribery in German football, unless the situation involving promotion and relegation shows some improvement. At present the representatives of amateur football hold a majority in the German FA, and it is their resistance to a second or even a third national league that has forced these professional clubs and players to play for such enormously high stakes.

CHURCH IS THE GOAL!

AS the Italian football season comes around again, the local Carabinieri at Bari have mounted a guard on the 12th century church, Saint Nicholas ... to stop it being worn down by good shooting. The church stands in the main square, which every evening is turned into an improvised pitch by local youths. The portico, richly ornamented, and a major tourist attraction, is used as a goal, and every successful shot knocks another lump out of the stonework.

The police guard arrived after Professor Salvadore Settis, a lecturer at Pisa University, estimated that two ounces of stone fragments were being torn off every five minutes the game went on. Settis told the local newspaper: "Actually, though you wouldn't believe it, I'm quite a keen soccer fan. But I wouldn't be in favour of, say, Roma and Lazio playing in the Colosseum."

STRAN

ONE of the strangest lawsuits in history is likely to have a critical impact on the campaign conducted by the Italian Professional Footballers' Association to improve their pay and conditions. A Third Division player, Eugenio Brambilla, is making a second attempt to have his club, Potenza, declared bankrupt, on the grounds that he has appeared in 38 matches for them over the past two seasons without receiving a penny for his services.

Potenza dispute the facts of the case, alleging that Brambilla has been fined many times in that period for indiscipline; but the Italian PFA are backing him, because they see a chance to disconcert the Italian League and achieve major changes in their conditions of service.

For in Italy a player literally can be transferred without his knowledge and

Wolfgang Manglitz arrives with his lawyer at the "bribery hearing".

MTK BAN ON NINE PLAYERS

ONE club that cannot be expected to have a good season are MTK Budapest, nine of whose best players are under suspension for varying periods of up to a year. The trouble started when four members of the first team — Lajos Dunai, Jozsek Torok, Stander Oborzil and Laszlo Strasszer — staged what can only be described as a revolt against the training methods of the club's chief coach, Tibor Paliesko. The players wrote a letter to the MTK board of directors, demanding Paliesko's removal, and walked out of a midweek training session at which Paliesko asked them to do weight-lifting.

The MTK board held an emergency meeting which lasted for several hours, but in the end they backed Paliesko and suspended all the players who had taken part in the demonstration. Dunai and Torok were banned from all sporting activity for 12 months and also forbidden to go near the stadium for the same period. Oborzil and Strasszer were also suspended for a year, and they cannot visit any of the club premises until next January. Lighter suspensions were subsequently passed on five other players — Tobor Kiss, Istvan Sarkoesi, Josef Becsei, Josef Hajdu, and Lajos Koritar.

GE LAWSUIT IN ITALY

consent: it almost happened to Jimmy Greaves, and it has happened to a less illustrious player, Claudo Trevisan. Last June Trevisan was transferred from Mantua to Varese, another First Division club, in a player-exchange deal. But unknown to Trevisan, Varese apparently regarded him largely as make-weight, and they promptly sold him to Montevarchi, a Third Division side. True, Trevisan could have refused to sign, but if he did Mantua would have been quite within their rights to stop paying him altogether and to prevent his transfer elsewhere, under the retain and transfer system still common in Western Europe.

Italy's PFA, not altogether unreasonably, want this system changed, and they also want the minimum wage in the lower divisions substantially increased. Everyone regards Italy as a Tom Tiddler's ground where money is easy pickings, but outside the First Division élite, the average earnings of professionals fall far short of earnings in other countries. Take a Second Division player, for instance. No club are bound to pay him more than 100,000 lire a month unless they feel he's worth it—that's £66, hardly a fair wage even allowing for the difference in the cost of living. In the Third Division, a regionalised, semi-professional competition, the part-time players are guaranteed only 20,000 lire. Now £13 a month is the sort of figure most English amateur players would turn up their noses at, even if it appeared in their boots as expenses.

The PFA president is Sergio Campana, a rather endearing character with a ready turn of phrase, and a former First Division player who read law in his spare time. He claims that the normal professional contract deprives a player of his Common Law rights, and describes the pro footballer as "a kind of slave who has signed his own life sentence".

Last season the threat of strike action forced the Italian League to agree to a Commission on Pay and Conditions, with the players and clubs enjoying equal representation. Now Campana wants the Commission to draft an entirely new contract, guaranteeing a much greater minimum wage through the league, and scrapping the present transfer system—whereby clubs scramble madly for players in the close season, have a three-week opportunity for second thoughts in November, and are then unable to transfer anyone until the end of the season.

CLASS IS A VITAL FACTOR

Eric Batty's WORLD XI

GORDON BANKS (Stoke City & England)

CARLOS ALBERTO (Botafogo FC & Brazil) — BERTI VOGTS (Borussia Monchengladbach & West Germany)

FRANZ BECKENBAUER (Bayern Munchen & W. Germany) — BOBBY MOORE (West Ham Utd. & England)

SANDRO MAZZOLA (FC Internazionale & Italy) — GERSON (Sao Paulo FC & Brazil) — RIVELINO (Corinthians FC & Brazil)

JAIRZINHO (Botafogo FC & Brazil) — GERD MULLER (Bayern Munchen & W. Germany) — LUIGI RIVA (US Cagliari & Italy)

SUBSTITUTE: UWE SEELER (Hamburger SV & W. Germany)

FOR a number of years it has been my practice to select what I think is the world's best 11 players and no doubt if nothing else it serves to spark off a great deal of discussion. However on checking I discovered that last year for some reason it was overlooked. In all probability this was due to all the hoo-ha about the World Cup that was still in everyone's mind a year ago and being as human as everyone else I and the WORLD SOCCER Editor overlooked it.

This is the reason why my team for this year is based on performances in the period 1970–71 to date and also why for the first time ever, I have named a substitute. My 12th man is Uwe Seeler, who was in my opinion the outstanding figure in the 1970 World Cup and had I produced a World XI last year he would certainly have figured in it.

Automatic choice

Now, however, a full year later and with Seeler no longer at the peak to which he drove himself in Mexico it would be both unrealistic to include him today, and yet also unfair not to give him a place somewhere. This is why for the first time ever, I have named a substitute.

Having clarified this point, now to discuss the merits of the players I have named. **Gordon Banks**, of course, appears to have lost his place as automatic choice for England but for club and country he is still at his superb best.

It would be quite foolish for the England team manager to assume that Banks will still be on top in 1974 for as we have observed before, when goalkeepers "go" they go quick. Others must be blooded and given adequate international experience in case something happens to Banks but there can be no doubt that at the time of writing he is still far and away the best goalkeeper in England and also, in my opinion, still the world's number one.

'Mazzola is a complete player'

At full-back we have a new partnership with the versatile and supremely skilful **Berti Vogts** who, for club and country carried on where he left off in Mexico, figuring on the left. With former world class stars like Schnellinger and Facchetti, who ruled undisputed for so long, it was perhaps inevitable that with these two approaching the veteran stage new faces would appear at the back. Vogts I name without hesitation—a complete defender in the fullest sense.

Carlos Alberto is another type altogether, being somewhat deficient as I see him in the skills and techniques of defence but being such a good player going forward that it would be a disaster and an injustice to ignore his claims.

My policy anyway has, over the years, been to go for class rather than efficiency and to name a side with all the talents rather than a team which I feel would necessarily beat all-comers. What I seek to do is simply to set what I feel is a world standard as individual players rather than produce a balanced and effective combination.

Beckenbauer is in something like the same category as Carlos Alberto for both have reached superbly high standards in terms of skill and I personally lean to the view that he is too good a player to "waste" in defence. But with so many other fine players available for the midfield positions and never being keen on the effective but less skilful stoppers I prefer Beckenbauer to an out and out destroyer.

In fact if ever Beckenbauer found himself playing in my World XI he would be at liberty to go forward and play any time he took the fancy.

Alongside him I still take the England captain, **Bobby Moore**, who is an acknowledged master of the arts of anticipation, interception and discreet and skilful distribution. Having seen him dozens of times during the period under review I feel he has a tendency to lose his concentration—particularly in club matches—but I have no doubt that in the right mood, Moore is still a master of his craft.

In midfield I have mentioned three outstanding personalities, each an artist in his own realm. **Gerson**, the defensive screen of Brazil who never won a tackle but used his perception and long passing ability to devastating effect, would be an automatic choice for any side in the world while his colleague in Mexico, the "new" **Rivelino**, was one of the revelations of the year.

New, because in the past his abilities have been hidden behind his physical failings and perhaps a lack of confidence that came as he matured. Certainly he is now a complete player, roving, challenging, playing the ball forward to colleagues and moving up himself.

Sandro Mazzola is another complete player in the fullest sense for even when he was playing at centre-forward in his younger days he was always more of a "player" than a spearhead. Now in a roving midfield role he is able to bring everything into play and he played a major role in winning the Italian championship for Inter in 1970–71—their first league success since the split with Helenio Herrera.

My front three may lack finesse compared with Pelé but they are nevertheless all extremely skilful. Skill like everything else is relative and in these days of tight marking, instant tackling (and dirty play) ... to say nothing of over-tolerant referees **Jairzinho**, **Muller** and **Riva** *are* very, very skilful players. To receive the ball at all is an achievement for a "front" player in the prevailing conditions of today; to receive, screen it and either play it off to a colleague or work a shooting position is far more difficult than it looks from the stands. And reducing it all to the simplest terms, to shoot first time, volleying on the turn with both power and accuracy is the most difficult skill of all.

TOO MANY CLUBS

WITH average Division I crowds down to a mere 4,200 in Austria last season the Viennese clubs who have tried living beyond their means for years are really feeling the pressure—particularly with the championship trophy resting of all places in the Tyrol.

The result has been feverish activity that will probably serve only to accentuate the problems for the truth is that Vienna has too many clubs for a small city that has made it clear there is no place for the mediocre.

Meanwhile, of course, the tales about the Winerwald being full of footballers have long since passed into the realms of mythology and the few good players the country produces are not satisfied as poorly paid part-timers and leave for foreign clubs the first chance they get.

In the event the much discussed "fusion" between FK Austria and Admira-Energie finally came to nothing with the Fussball Klub deciding once more to go it alone. Admira, subsidised by the State Electrical Industry to some extent, then opened talks with Vienna's SC Wacker, another once-proud club who finished last but one (to Radentheim) and were to be relegated and persuaded them to join up. The new combination will play at the Admira stadium in Sud Stadt some ten miles south of Vienna and will be known as SC Wacker-Admira-Energie.

Signings

Fusion of another kind brought together the "champion" champions SC Rapid (third last term) and Dr. Draxler, the wealthy chairman of the Wiener Sport Klub. WSK have been some years without success and Rapid's new chairman — and his money — will provide welcome relief. The Wacker-Admira fusion set 13 players at liberty and Rapid have had another clear out to make room for new signings. Prominent amongst them is Norbert Hof (Hof II following his elder brother Erich in the international line-ups) who has won several caps and already tasted pro football in West Germany.

Ernst Ocwirk, who led FK Austria to the championship in 1969–70 before leaving for 1st FC Koln, is back home but his old club are happy with Karl Stotz, the man who took over last season when things looked black and finally won the FA Cup for them. Ocwirk's likely destination is apparently SC Krems currently in Division II. Up from Division II come FC Donawitz, spending £40,000 on new signings, including internationals Peter Pumm and Hans Pirkner, both fresh from the West German game.

Dragan Dzajic, the outstanding player of Red Star and captain of Yugoslavia.

Pressure on Yugoslavia

WHATEVER the formula is, Yugoslavia seems to have retained the touch lost by their Central European neighbours and continue to turn out talented players by the score. Unlike their Hungarian and Austrian neighbours they do, of course, pay (which helps a lot) but they are not only being constantly spied upon by clubs from the few Western countries whose domestic rules allow foreigners but also have to contend with some ambitious spending by their rivals at home, too.

So the pressure remains on the Yugoslav clubs, not so much to get good players but to keep them happy where they are. The result is that like the Brazilians the game has lost its "off season" and this year most of the First Division players have had to be content with a mere two or three week break between seasons. Even the *winterpause* brings problems for the FA are anxious to accept offers to play in Central and South America in February and March, while the clubs need this time themselves to tour abroad and keep their bank managers quiet.

This problem of equating solvency with their players' satisfaction with their financial terms has led to the introduction of summer football and when the league campaign finally wound up the "Spring" championship as it is known got off the ground. Limited this time to clubs that have won the First Division title since the war it gave those clubs who wished a chance to blood their best young reserves and also provided much-needed cash.

The biggest gate was slightly better than £11,000 shared equally between the participating teams Red Star and Partizan. Red Star, who won the Cup and League double in 1969–70 and had to be satisfied with the FA Cup last season, won the "Spring" league by one point from new champions Hajduk (Split) and then many clubs shot off abroad.

Dinamo Zagreb undertook an exhausting tour of the USA and Canada: Red Star twice entertained the Uruguayan aces Penarol and then flew off to Spain for a pre-season "warm-up", while Zeljeznicar still full of ambition toured Russia. Everyone was back home for the start of the 1971–72 league season on August 22 but what shape the players will be in this time next year is a very big question.

PERSONAL OPINION by LESLIE VERNON

Goalkeepers are too big!

BEFORE the start of the season in England we witnessed the great no-offside experiment, which under the circumstances, couldn't possibly have proved anything. A clever gimmick for the sponsors—yes, but in the football sense, no manager would ever consider changing his players' habits for the maximum of three matches. If this reform were to be permanently introduced, it would surely alter the character of the game. Forwards (wingers and strikers) would stay well upfield waiting for the long ball, consequently defenders would have to mark them constantly. This would create a midfield vacuum, in which a few overworked players would obviously have more room in which to operate. These linkmen couldn't possibly do all the work for 90 minutes, so they would change places every quarter of an hour or so, with either the defenders or the forwards. The game would lose its present fluency, and the teams would be stretched on the pitch, forming three distinct divisions. This is certainly not the type of football I would like to see, and it is not the salvation we are looking for. It has also been suggested that the goals be made larger. As this would involve structural work and expense, I would prefer to see the introduction of smaller goalkeepers! The standard size should be 5 ft. 7 in.—any goalkeeper taller than that ought to be handicapped by tying his left hand behind his back. Goalkeepers over 6 ft. or, if they are as good as Gordon Banks, should be blindfolded—a reform which ought to produce a few more goals. But, unfortunately, the current state of the game is no laughing matter. On the other hand, changes in the rule books are not yet necessary. The top coaches could halt the defensive trends by introducing more imaginative, constructive tactics. The referees have the power to stop the thuggery, and to rid the game of sly and vicious players.

Character

I am happy to say that I have noticed a marked improvement in refereeing recently, especially on the Continent. Surely, the Italian officials who were over here for the Anglo-Italian tournament, gave an object lesson in how to handle a football match. The road back to sanity is not too far away. We must strive to achieve these objectives without tampering with the character of the world's most popular sport and pastime.

TO WIN OR NOT TO WIN, THAT'S BESIDES THE QUESTION

A football documentary in three comic scenes

Scene 1

A football ground somewhere in Lisbon. Benfica have just beaten Arsenal 2-0 in a pre-season friendly.

First Journalist (wearing a pair of red and white hot-pants): Marvellous result, I am deliriously happy!

Second Journalist (wearing a cynical smile and a straw hat): What are you talking about, they've murdered us!

First J. (shaking his head): Yes, but if it were the first leg of a European Cup tie, it would be a great result.

Second J. (amazed): According to this reasoning, if it were the English Cup Final or the Grand National or a five-a-side tournament in Outer Mongolia—they would be the winners.

First J. (sadly): You haven't the faintest idea how to evaluate a result.

Scene 2

A football ground somewhere in London. Three days later.

First J.: I have been telling my readers that this is a great prestige match—no wonder that 44,000 of them are here.

Second J. (inquisitively): If it is so important, why didn't they invite a neutral referee?

First J. (reprovingly): All referees are neutral.

Second J. (misquoting well-known British novelist): Yes, but some are more neutral than others.

(Arsenal play very well and deservedly lead 3-0 at half-time.)

First J.: What did I tell you? Now we are going to give four of our subs. a little run-out.

(Benfica promptly score two goals. George goes off and Roberts comes back again.)

Second J. (taken aback or even further): What's this? 'I have never seen a substituted player allowed back on the pitch.

First J. (wisely): Oh, this is only a pre-season friendly.

Second J.: I see (he clearly doesn't).

(Graham receives ball five yards offside and pushes it nonchalantly into goal. Actor dressed as a referee points to the centre-circle. Portuguese character-actors attack him, one punches his face, the others commit other acts of simulated violence. Actor takes out notebook and writes down his own telephone number. Play resumes and coloured bit-player kicks the ball away in his own penalty area—minutes later, McNab falls down. Actor points to the penalty spot. Everybody is laughing except grey-haired English-born manager who is sitting on a bed of nails in the dug-out.)

First J.: What a magnificent victory, and entertainment for the fans. I shall phone Amsterdam in the morning and tell them to post the Cup to Highbury at once.

Actor: I am reporting the Portuguese team to Equity for over-acting. They ought to take it up with Interpol.

Second J. (utterly confused, tossing a coin and repeating endlessly): If it's heads—it was an important game, if it's tails it was just a friendly....

Scene 3

A football ground somewhere in Rotterdam. Three days later. Feyenoord beats Arsenal 1-0 in a pre-season friendly.

Second J. (resigned): Well, we lost again.

First J. (smilingly, throwing toilet rolls on the pitch): What are you raving about? This is a terrific result! If it were the first leg of a European Cup tie....

Second J. takes out a revolver and shoots himself from five yards. He misses as the curtain slowly comes down.

THE END?

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LOOKING AT SOCCER • BRIAN GLANVILLE •

The number of places each continent claims in the finals of the World Cup is unimportant—or should be . . .

PROGRESS IS WHAT MATTERS

DR. Artemio Franchi, president of the Italian Football Federation, the man who poured oil on troubled waters over the Rivera affair in Mexico last year, is a man to be watched with optimism. I would commend and adduce, particularly, his remarks in a recent interview with Jacques Ferran, of *France Football*, on the subject of the World Cup and on that of time-limited contracts. A man of charm, presence and incisiveness, I hope we shall see him reach a position where he can implement his many sound ideas, both in UEFA, the European Association, and in Europe.

Given the recent, half-baked compromise of the World Cup draw, his views on that subject are especially germane. Ferran asked him: "How many places do you think Europe should claim in the finals of the World Cup?"

His answer was: "The number of places, more or less, doesn't seem very important to me. What matters is the progress of football in each continent. Rather, then, than give places to Europe and to South America, etc., as if each continent were a closed circle, I should prefer the qualifying pools to be open to teams from different continents. Take Italy, for example. They never play any country from Africa or Asia. I'd like the World Cup to be a great festival from the beginning, instead of being so closed."

Diplomatic

To this, Ferran replied: "Yes, but in these circumstances, a continent like Africa would risk having no World Cup representative at all." Franchi rejoined, with diplomatic eloquence: "Which is the more important for the African continent, to have a place in the World Cup finals, for a team which risks playing an obscure role, or to have ten teams opposed to the best European sides?"

You and I—and, I suspect, the good Dr. Franchi—know perfectly well what the African answer would be to that. Readers will know that for a long time I have been advocating precisely what Dr. Franchi wants, a World Cup draw that isn't zoned. Various objections can and have been raised to this, but it is no sort of compromise to adopt the craven stratagem embraced by the World Cup committee, obliging Europe and South America to play-off for a place which would normally belong to the latter.

The probable winners of European group 9, with all deference to the much improved French international team, are Russia, the likely winners of South America's group 3 Peru; two countries, that is to say, which are among the strongest in the world. Russia have never yet failed to qualify for the World Cup finals, taking third place in 1966, while the Peruvians play some of the most open and exciting football today. It is perfectly monstrous that while teams of this calibre have to eliminate one another, Mexico is given another clear passage through the North-Central American group, while Israel and Morocco may well come through again in the Afro-Asian groups.

Amalgamated

I see absolutely no reason why the Caribbean, North and Central American group should not be amalgamated, why some prior qualifying tournament shouldn't be arranged so that the Canadas, the Bermudas, the United States and the Haitis should not cannibalise one another. The final product would be a qualifying tournament which comprised the normal three groups of South American teams, brought up to a complement of four teams each by the addition of three from the North-Central zone.

As it is, we can no doubt expect to see Mexico again, in West Germany, though goodness knows they found it difficult enough to extricate themselves from the pygmies of their group in 1966. Since the World Cup resumed in 1950, Mexico, Heaven help us, have figured in every one, and only once, when they themselves played hosts, have they succeeded in reaching the quarter-finals. One wonders if they'd have done even that, without the benefit of that disgraceful refereeing decision which gave them a non-existent penalty kick against Belgium.

As for the Asians, North Korea, in retrospect, prove more and more clearly to have been the exception that proves the rule. There were indications that they would be competing this time, but alas, they remain behind their impenetrable frontiers. The rest is silence. Israel, one presumes, are only in the Asian group at all because of their tense relations with the African countries. They did not acquit themselves badly in Mexico, but can it for a moment be suggested that either they or the Moroccans, winners of the African group, came through on true merit, that either would have had a hope of surviving if they'd had to play in the European or the South American sections?

Eliminator

There should certainly be no difficulty in including Israel and the countries of the African group in the European section, which in itself could be reduced by a preliminary round or two. Malta, Luxembourg, Cyprus, Finland and the like simply make up the number in the various groups, though I need no reminding that Luxembourg once won a World Cup eliminator against Portugal, that the Finns, too, have had their moments. The relevant and salient fact is that none of them has ever reached the World Cup finals, and that none of them is ever likely to.

The Asian and Australasian countries are the problem: if one allows them to be. Again, an eliminating competition

The draw for the 1974 World Cup finals.

would take care of most of them; and let one remark in passing that Burma, the usual champions of Asia, have once again not thought it worth while to enter a team. Realism indeed. If one gave the Asian group a couple of places in the final eliminators, perhaps some way could be found for them to play their matches on neutral territory, equidistant between themselves and their Latin American or European opponents.

Pertinent

Dr. Franchi was also asked by Ferran whether he was frightened by the implications of the French "limited time" contract. Again, his answer was a wise and pertinent one.

"I know we shall have to get there one day," he said, "and that's why I've followed its first steps in France with attention. It's a system which must be tried and improved to avoid problems such as the one you have had with the Carnus-Bosquier affair. The richness of sport lies essentially on its credibility. The public must not doubt for a single instant that the final result is just. We shall profit, then, from the French experience, while congratulating ourselves that we were not the first to try it!"

Bosquier and Carnus, stopper and goalkeeper of the French and St. Etienne teams, were suddenly dropped and suspended by their club, last season, when it became known that they'd signed contracts for the coming season with Olympique Marseilles. At the time, Marseilles were chasing St. Etienne, without much hope, for the Championship. Without Bosquier and Carnus, St. Etienne fell away and were overhauled. Whether Roger Rocher, the St. Etienne president, was right to suspend the two men is a matter of opinion; that his decision cost his club the Championship is beyond doubt.

But the weakness of a contract which sets players automatically free after a given time was dramatically exposed. Franchi hit the nail squarely on the head. Professional football, for its very existence, depends on maintaining the belief—or, if you prefer it, the fiction—that competition is real, straightforward and earnest. If players have no club loyalty, are seen to be mere mercenaries, the fans will stay at home, where, if they want unreality, they can always watch professional wrestling on the television

Foundation formed

THE New York Cosmos, a professional soccer club, have announced the formation of a foundation that will attempt to learn the fate of former American soccer hero Joseph Gaetjens.

In the 1950 World Cup matches at Bela Horizonte, Brazil, the United States defeated England, who then dominated the sport, 1-0. That goal was scored by the Haiti-born Gaetjens and it brought him world-wide fame.

As a result of that goal, Gaetjens was signed by two French clubs and he played in France for two years before returning to his native Haiti in 1953.

There he met and married Lyliane Delay and settled down running a dry-cleaning establishment and raising three sons.

All went well until July 8, 1964, when the Haitian secret police, under the direction of then dictator Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier, walked into his store and removed him without explanation. Gaetjens has not been heard of since.

Repeated attempts by his wife and family—there are seven brothers and sisters still alive—to learn of his fate produced no results.

Salinas denies walk-out

DON Teofilo Salinas, president of La Confederacion Sudamericana de Futbol, put quite a different perspective on the reported "disagreements and suspicions" at the FIFA World Cup draw in Dusseldorf, when he stopped over in Madrid on his way home to Peru.

During his short stay he was received and entertained by D. Antonio Calderon, general manager of Real Madrid, insisted on being photographed in the famous trophy room and gave a somewhat "informative" interview.

"The disturbing reports that appeared in some European newspapers were quite untrue. On the contrary, everything was conducted in quite a festival climate, one of mutual understanding and cordiality. There were differences of opinion, but that is quite normal at any meeting. Several reports stated that the South American delegation walked out in anger. That also was ridiculous. The delegation did retire from the conference hall during an interval, but only to consult with me and seek guidance on the subject being discussed."

Modification

Señor Salinas explained: "The only differences arose over allocating the number of finalists. South America has always had three finalists, independent of the champions. We asked for the same three and the champions, Brazil, making four. Europe presented a modification requesting ten Europeans, including West Germany, and three, including Brazil, for South America." (Asia, Africa and Pan-America made up the 16.)

This produced tension? "A little, I suppose. We voted and after three ballots ended equal it meant that, according to regulations, the president's vote would decide the issue. But Sir Stanley Rous acted most fairly and in a completely unbiased manner. He refused the president's casting vote and put forward another formula.

"Eight finalists for Europe, two for South America (excluding the host nation and champions) with one more to be decided by a play-off between two group winners, one from the Old Continent and one from South America—the groups to be decided by ballot. This we considered acceptable for it was far more just than the original European suggestion."

Don Teofilo then expressed the view (often made) that South American football is equal to that of Europe, and therefore should have a bigger representation in the World Cup finals and in the government of the game.

"In capacity and potential," he said, "we are far more powerful than Europe. Consider the World Cup results. In Mexico South America were first and fourth ... Chile first and third ... Stockholm first ... Brazil first and second ... Uruguay first and second. And in the Inter-Continental Cup South American clubs have won six of the 11 encounters."

Potential

(He didn't mention that four [three by Brazil] of South America's five successes were gained IN South America ... or HOW three of those six so-called World Club Championship finals were won—two during the war of the Estudiantes and one in the battle of River Plate.)

"I know that Europe has more teams but of the 33 only England, West Germany, Italy, Yugoslavia, Spain, Russia, Czechoslovakia and perhaps one or two others can be considered equal in strength and potential to South American countries. The others like Malta, Cyprus, Iceland, Luxembourg ... ???

"Also, South America plays a far more potent game ... faster and with more penetration. They are less rigid than Europeans in tactics and demarcations, and more entertaining. We haven't the quantity ... but we do have the quality."

The poverty of many clubs in the Argentine, Chile, Peru and Paraguay, the tremendous disparity of players' earnings and conditions (except for the privileged and pampered few), the illegalities and the disorganisation inside many of the Federations allied to La Confederacion? No comment.

Why is South America reported to be so anti-Sir Stanley Rous?

"South American countries consider he favours Europe in many of his decisions, although ..." he paused, then went on with firmness and sincerity: "In Dusseldorf Sir Stanley's position was very difficult, most unenvious. I have no hesitation in saying that he acted with great moderation, fairness and equanimity."

That tribute to Sir Stanley was a little different to Don Teofilo's countryman, D. Salvador Larrea, representative of the Peruvian newspaper *Ojo*. He said: "What with the fabulous income from the turnstiles, TV rights, commercialisation and tourism, the World Cup has been turned into a millionaire's spectacle with Sir Stanley Rous, as the modern version of the pirate Drake, lacking only a black patch over his eye, a wooden leg and a cutlass in his hand. FIFA is his galleon." *(At least he's original.)*

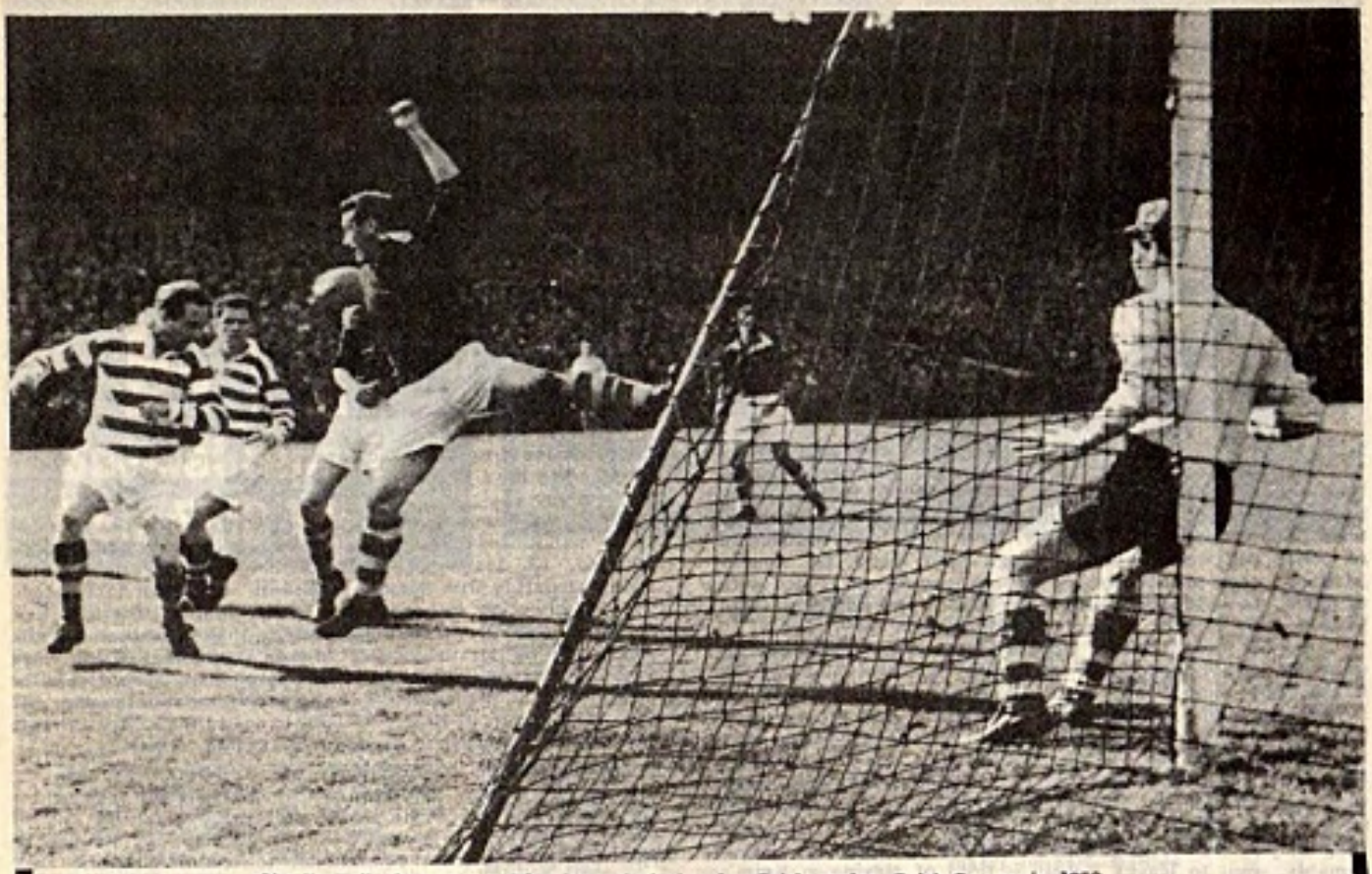
And FIFA? "It's too antiquated. It needs to have more contact with its member Associations. Its officials are too conservative."

Criticism

What about the Press criticism in Peru because they have to meet the winners of Group Nine? "Disappointment. The ballot was perfectly fair. Peru were just unlucky. It's quite probable that Peru will win both their group and the qualifying match with Russia or France. I consider Peru has great possibilities."

Many of the comments by President Calinas are new, others seem to follow La Confederacion's propaganda line, or campaign platform, of recent years ... especially since the breach between Europe and South American football became so pronounced.

The powers in Europe have not overlooked the possibility that when Sir Stanley Rous eventually retires—or if intrigue steps in (he was only re-elected in June 1970 by a marginal majority)—South America will attempt a *coup d'état* to take over the world governing body. UEFA is not really very worried ... they have all the machinery in existence to go ahead alone.



Charlie Tully (extreme left), pictured playing for Celtic against Raith Rovers in 1950.

COLIN McALPIN pays tribute to CHARLIE TULLY

WE SHALL MISS HIM

THERE was never a character quite as wonderful as Charlie Tully and it is impossible, even now, to accept the fact that he is dead. His sad, sudden death in the early hours of July 27 has robbed football of one of its greatest-ever exponents. The game will never be the same again.

Humour

Charlie was everything today's glamour-boys are still trying to be. He was, long before the days of sky-high wages and the pop star image, the man who held a city in the palm of his hand, the man who was a living legend in a city that knows soccer inside-out. He was the king of Glasgow, and he ruled with humour, skill and boundless personality.

Born in Belfast in 1924, the second son of 12 children, Charles Patrick Tully was years ahead of his time as a footballer. One can only wonder what Northern Ireland would be like had he been playing now alongside George Best. His ability with the ball, his deadly, yet always casual, approach to the game, his sheer unpredictability — they were the mark of what he was, a player of stature.

Charlie played his first senior game for Belfast Celtic, having been signed as a schoolboy, at the age of 14 and was then spotted by Jimmy McGrory, scouting for Glasgow Celtic. Celtic signed him for £10,000 and in 1948 he began his career which brought him every honour in the business.

He was the man the crowds loved. Stories surrounded him, some of them hilarious: like the time, it was said, he was the only Celtic player to turn up for a game against Rangers. He decided to go it alone and by half-time the scoreline was 3-0 for Celtic. During the break a London club, interested in signing him, made the condition that, to avoid injury, he didn't play the second half. On hearing that Rangers had eventually won 4-3 Charlie asked: "What happened?" "The rest of the team turned up," was the reply.

Struggling

On leaving Glasgow he became player-manager of Cork Hibs and during this period was "capped" for the League of Ireland. He returned to Belfast in 1961 and by 1963 he was manager of struggling Bangor, a senior Irish League club that had still to lift a major trophy in over 40 years.

Even then Charlie had a crack to make: "Even the seagulls are leaving the ground." Yet it was Charlie who helped Bangor break their duck. The season before last they won their first trophy, the County Antrim Shield, and last season added the City Cup.

This season Charlie had vowed to bring home the big pots, either the Irish League Championship or the Irish Cup. Now, alas, Bangor will have to do it without him.

We shall all miss Charlie Tully. He loved the game and he loved life. memories and for that we shall be He brought us a host of happy grateful . . . it's a pity there will never be any more.

French news from ..... ANDRE DUCLOS

NEW LOOK ST. ETIENNE

ST. ETIENNE will have a very "new look" next season. Not only have Carnus and Bosquier, as we all know, gone to Olympique Marseilles in a blaze of controversy, but two other stars, Hervé Revelli, centre-forward of the French national team, and Camerini, the stopper, have both been transferred to Nice; still busy buying. Though Salif Keita, the slender Malian, scored prolifically last season, beating the record with 42 goals, though still finishing second to the amazing Josip Skoblar (44), Revelli is surely the best native-born striker.

This may seem a rather curious statement when he got no more than ten League goals all season, but his exploits in the international side (where he can play his natural game), such as the two goals against Spain in Valencia, and his excellent form on the South American tour, proved his class. Why St. Etienne are letting him and Camerini go is a little obscure. (Though Revelli has wanted to go for some time.) They deny that it is for financial reasons, although they made a substantial loss on the season, and mumble that they don't want to keep players who are still on a two-year contract (and, presumably, want to leave). Revelli is tired of playing in Keita's shadow, and wants to be a "real" centre-forward.

Meanwhile, St. Etienne's manager, Albert Batteux, has roundly stated that they lost the title because they suspended Carnus and Bosquier, contrary to his wishes: an opinion which is hard to refute. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the matter, St. Etienne appeared to have the title in their pockets, till they decided to soldier on without these two stars. But as for the other transfers, economic need seems as good an explanation as any. St. Etienne's home gates are still comparatively poor, and could never aspire to the heights reached by Marseilles, where a 30,000 crowd is no rarity. Marseille average about 28,000; the drop then becomes steep indeed, for St. Etienne are second with an average of about 12,000!

International winger

Things, meanwhile, may not be quite as happy as they seem at Marseilles. At the celebration banquet, after the title had been won, Marcel Leclerc, the controversial president of the club, failed to mention Josip Skoblar in his speech, while he was distributing the customary bouquets. It seemed a great deal more than a mere slip of memory, and there were those who sourly recalled another speech of his, made after Marseilles had won at Red Star, when he expressed the hope that Marseilles (!) would begin developing their own talent, rather than rely on "mercenary-stars who finally cost too much". A pleasant thought for Skoblar and Magnusson.

Nice, their South Coast rivals, have bought from them Charley Loubet, the international winger or striker, who thus returns to his old stamping grounds. There is also some slight possibility that, after all the commotion, Marseilles may have to give up the idea of acquiring Bosquier and Carnus, for M. Leclerc has admitted will become necessary, "if I am too heavily penalised by the tax (people)".

Paris St. Germain, newly promoted to Division I, are in the meantime girding their loins for the fray, and for the battle to establish themselves as the first successful professional club in the capital since the late, lamented Racing. The voyage of their president, M. Guy Crescent, to Brazil, in quest of Pelé, seemed an earnest of his serious intentions, rather than a mission with any chance of success, much though Pelé loves Paris, and Paris Pelé. Playing for the present out at St. Germain, on the ground of the former amateur club, PSG should next spring have access to the rebuilt Parc des Princes, scene of so many a glorious encounter.

There was some consternation in Paris when the Municipality announced that the estimates of its cost had already doubled. M. Marbouef, vice-president of the Paris Council, observed darkly that "certain decisions" had been taken without the advice or the agreement of the council. The architect, the 44-year-old Roger Tallibert, argues that the initial estimate was made on an inadequate factual basis, that when work eventually began, there were some unpleasant surprises to be faced; such as the necessity to dig the foundations under one stand to a depth of nearly 45 feet, instead of 22. The ultimate cost is now expected to be about 77 million francs.

"People charge me," pursues M. Tallibert, "with having carried out certain modifications to the original programme without having asked the advice and approval of the city of Paris. If every time I wanted to change anything I'd had to pass the project from commission to commission, the Parc would never have been ready by the agreed date." When it is finally ready, we shall still have to see whether the abstemious Parisians are prepared to come to watch PSG. It could well, on their past record, need a Pelé to get them there.

Lille, as we know, also come up into the First Division, a nostalgic return. Winners of three consecutive Cups in 1946, '47 and '48, Lille fell on hard times after 1956, went up and down between the First and Second Divisions, and finally were reduced to abandoning professionalism in 1969. Now, under a vigorous president in Max Pommerole, here they are, again.

Though he knows that Lille will have to buy players to survive in Division I, Pommerole is highly optimistic, pointing out that plans to develop a new town "Ville Nouvelle Lille Est" will create a far wider catchment area; and that the plans include a new 30,000 capacity stadium where Lille would play. Lille need, he says, an average gate of only 7,000 to break even, and last season they had an average of over 8,000. By the time you read this, Lille may have signed the British player in whom they say they are interested. There's a long tradition of Britons there. McCowan, Barrett and Lutterlock played between the wars.

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Nacional are OVER THE HILL

Special report from ERIC WEIL

NACIONAL, the Uruguayan club which won the South American Club Championship for the first time this year, are, to put it bluntly, over the hill—and they have gone that way in the comparatively short period of less than a year.

The team has plenty of experience, playing more games against foreign opposition, mostly away, than in their home championship most seasons to make ends meet financially, but many of the players are past their best, are saturated with soccer, are a bit on the heavy side and slow.

Resources

The club was founded in 1901, a year after the Uruguayan FA and their great rivals, Peñarol. Only these two clubs have won the Uruguayan league up to now—Peñarol 19 times and Nacional 18. Currently both are lying third, two points from the top, but they are confidently expected to fill the top two places again by the time the season ends, because they have far greater playing resources than any of the other clubs.

Nacional had eight players in Uruguay's World Cup team at Mexico last year — Anchetta (back), Bareño (wing), Brunell (back), Cubilla (forward), Esparrago (half), Maneiro, Montero Castillo (half) and Ubiñas (back). Six of them played in the South American Cup final against Estudiantes.

In Manga, a Brazilian, they have a very safe goalkeeper. Anchetta is easily the best back in Uruguay—safe and clean, but the rest of the defence are apt to play it rough, using their height and weight to the best advantage. Defender Mujica likes to go up, has a powerful shot, but is slow to return, leaving a loop-hole to be exploited by a fast winger.

Technical

Centre-man, Montero Castillo, whose passion is easily aroused, is usually there when the trouble starts, but he is hard to beat for the ball also. In Chilean, Prieto, they have an excellent link-man, very technical, but he hasn't got the guts and fighting spirit of the rest of the team, which is why coach Echemendi tends to leave him out for big cup games.

Up front, Cubilla was one of the World Cup successes, but he has since gone up in weight and down in speed. That virtually leaves the two Argentines, Mamelli and Artime. The latter was Uruguay's league top scorer last season, but is now suffering in the general decline. Not that Artime relies on support too much. He looks for his own goals and is one of the most dangerous takers of half chances.

Nacional, now rather defensive-minded, veer from 4-3-3 to 4-4-2 and have often left Artime as the only man up. Even then he is a potential danger and has to be watched closely.

In defence their tall players are good in the air, but weak and a bit cumbersome on the ground. Nacional, however, still have some attributes. Even when looking for trouble and trying to roughen up a game they keep inwardly calm and, like Uruguayan teams in general, they have a tremendous fighting spirit and never accept defeat until the final whistle ... sometimes not even then, as occasional after-the-match scenes have shown.

Mane Garrincha...adios!

TWO months ago when revealing the news—or leg pull—that Mane Garrincha plans to return to active football I wrote "It would be the saddest of spectacles. A farce" (writes NORMAN CUTLER).

Thank heaven we shall be able to remember the incredible Mane—the diabolical Garrincha—as he really was at the peak of his career in 1958–62. Mane has decided that "it's not the right moment to return to football". (It never was possible after he retired with that injury.)

"I've a number of offers," he told me, "but my life now is centred on other things that are progressing satisfactorily. My public relations work for Brazilian coffee—'Cafe Garrincha'—is most successful, so is my present task, the presentation of Elsa Soares and her 'Brazil 2001' show in Barcelona."

Football-wise you can say ... "Mane, Adios." But don't for one moment think you've heard the last of that bandy-legged little man. He'll be bobbing up all over Europe for a long time to come.

Anton, Valencia's famous international full-back, recently married Señorita Vicenta Sanz. And what a wedding it was.

The wedding march peeled out and everyone rose as the bridal party moved down the aisle. Behind hobbled Anton, his left leg—injured in Spain's Championship game with Russia—completely encased in plaster.

As he reached his fiancée before the altar rail the music ended. There was an impressive silence.

Then clop ... clop ... clop. The priest, Padre Elias Llagarias, hobbled from the vestry, his left leg, injured in a home accident, completely encased in plaster.

Both the priest and Anton performed worthy acrobatics as they duly knelt at the appropriate places, much to the discreet amusement of the attending Valencia players, Don Alfredo and the club directors.

Everyone got truly "plastered" and the whole thing ended happily ... even the honeymoon.

BAN ON WILL REM

THE Football Federation of Spain have reiterated that the regulation prohibiting the importation of foreign players cannot be reconsidered until 1974. This official announcement was necessary because of a planned campaign (by certain clubs and the press) to reopen the question at the annual assembly, thereby threatening the Federation's authority.

The "open door" campaign ticket last year was "Importations so we can rebuild Spain's international prestige and raise the standard of football" This time they argued "Football is a spectacle, foreigners attract the crowds, they help the economy of the smaller clubs".

There was nothing this time about the rebuilding of the national side. Kubala had done that ... *without foreigners.* Nothing about raising the standard of play. Ex-president Jose Luis Costa's League and Cup reconstruction programme had done that ... *without foreigners.* No, we were back to the same old story ... money, profits and club, NOT national, prestige.

Football impresario, Luis Guijarra (money again) stated that with the open door policy Spain would become the best football nation in the world. (*Nonsense. During the previous open door period only Real Madrid became world famous. The national XI, even with Di Stefano, Puskas and Rial, never did make the grade.*) Then Guijarra fanned the flames when he declared that he could bring to Spain ... Tostao, Overath, Beckenbauer, Müller, Djazic, Cruyff, Edu and Pachame for bargain prices.

That was pure and utter propaganda, yet so many believed him. No one stopped to think that only four, if that, Spanish teams could afford players of that calibre. There just isn't that kind of money in Spanish football.

There was talk of long queues outside the grounds ... and capacity crowds inside. Star-studded teams and all four Cups—World, Nations, and the three European — in Spanish boardrooms. Naturally the public became excited, forcing clubs to make enquiries (just in case). We were back to the "Yes or No Importation" debate of last season.

The Federation president, D. Jose Luis Perez Paya, made it all sound so very easy, which didn't help things. He said: "The clubs have the first and last word. It all depends on them. At the moment we have no importation in Spanish football because the clubs voted against it. If they want changes it's for them to decide." Was that explanation strictly correct? Have the clubs really got all that freedom? What about the Federation dictatorship? And the Ministry of Sport?

Then came the curiosities. They are never far away in Spain.

Immediately after the European Cup final Johan Cruyff, whose contract with Ajax was ending, arrived in Mallorca for vacations. He telephoned Barcelona, with whom he had an 18-month-old tentative signing agreement and had a long talk. Later it became known that the Catalan club still wanted him to sign and had agreed to terms.

Pierre Simbaldi, recently appointed manager of Las Palmas.

Imposed

Then came three days of strange activity! Barcelona talked to Cruyff again next day. Twenty-four hours later came the news that Cruyff had re-signed for Ajax and that weekend Barcelona announced "We are for the Open Door policy, but will honour the four years' closure of importations imposed last year. If the question is raised at the Assembly we shall vote ... No"

Barcelona's posture was most correct of all 18 First Division clubs ... yet most surprising in view of noisily and aggressively leading the Open Door Group last season.

Three weeks later the Football Federation of Spain officially announced that there could be no change in the importation regulation. Which was exactly what Barcelona said three weeks before.

Why did Barcelona change their minds? Why the activity after Cruyff telephoned? Why did Cruyff, after waiting 18 months to sign for Barcelona, suddenly re-sign for Ajax? WHERE DID BARCELONA GET SUCH ACCURATE GUIDANCE

FOREIGNERS AIN IN FORCE

THAT THEY WERE ABLE TO "RELEASE" ONE OF THE FINEST AND MOST SOUGHT AFTER PLAYERS IN EUROPE?

That Valencia-Barcelona Cup final which English newspapers described as "the greatest" (who writes those reports?) proved two things. That Spain still has a referee problem and that somewhere around there is still dictatorship in the game.

Two days after the game referee Saiz Elizondo was suspended by the Federation Disciplinary Committee for two months. They adjudged his work deficient. I agree ... but it's not easy for a referee when the right side is not winning! Asked to comment on the suspension the Referees Association president said: "We have orders from our superiors, we have to agree."

So we are again back where we were last year ... briefing from the

From NORMAN CUTLER in Spain

committee-room and the referee being made the scapegoat. I thought Guruceta's martyrdom had settled all that.

But wait. Look at the rest of the justice that came from that meeting which lasted an hour longer than normal. Sol, the Valencia player sent off, quite contrary to precedents, was merely warned. Barrachini and Poli (Valencia), heaven knows what they did, grave warnings. Valduz, the player who confessed to the "crime" which Sol was sent off for (tearing the ref's shirt) got off scot free, not even a finger-wagging.

In addition there were all kinds of warnings and fines to FIVE Barcelona players—Gallego, Eladio, Marcial, Costas and Reina—who, make a particular note, are all current members of Kubala's new look Ambassadorial Spanish international side.

The greatest! Why don't those English newspapers pipe down, unless they know what they are talking about.

Anyway, Barcelona dutifully won the Cup and 500,000 lined the streets and filled Nou Camp Stadium when they returned home. All very impressive ... but it cost the club a fortune.

The players received £76,000 for winning the cup ... which added to the £24,000 they collected for being League runners-up means the club paid out £100,000 in *bonuses alone*. This together with their signing fees, salaries and other perks makes Barcelona players, this season anyway, the highest paid players in the world.

Novelty

Seville have at last found a manager ... Rumanian-born Dan Georgiadis, who during the last 12 years seems to have managed half the South American countries, Haiti, the Greek World Cup side, as well as a whole list of clubs.

D. Cisneros Palacios, Seville's president, introducing his "new" discovery, said: "Merkel was a man of steel ... Georgiadis is a man of iron." And I thought those poor Sevillian players were going to have a more comfortable season after two years in Max Merkel's labour camp. Evidently not!

Anyway Don Dan is — at the moment—extremely modest ... which is certainly a novelty after Max. He says "I promise nothing. We shall have to wait and see how things turn out." How refreshing!

Juvenile

Another foreign manager signed this summer is Pierre Simbaldi, who succeeds Hector Rial at Las Palmas. Hector's been made manager of the national juvenile side ... which, I suspect, is the first step to his becoming heir-apparent to Kubala.

Simbaldi, of French parentage, played for Stade Rhiems as centre-forward ... passed his coaching and managerial courses in France and has been with Anderlecht (Belgium) for the last eight years. "That's enough years with one club," he says. He has a year's contract with the Gran Canary side ... which is hardly

Rinus Michels, who has taken over as manager of Barcelona.

enough time to find the way to spend a penny, let alone rebuild a side.

Rinus Michels, who resigned as manager of Ajax after they won the European Cup, takes over at Buckingham's Palace, Barcelona. Vic regretfully had to resign and return to England for a spinal operation.

A curious Manchester United situation remains, however. Michels is the man in possession ... but Vic remains on the payroll until June, 1972, "available if necessary". That doesn't sound like Barcelona ... paying a "former" manager £16,000 for doing nothing. Watch the situation. It may well become interesting.

Unless Michels really makes a hash of things he can't help but succeed, not with the team spirit (and that's what did it) Vic left him. Anyway he's already talking about Barcelona reaching the final of the Cup Winners Cup ... although I feel bound to warn him that the holders (Chelsea) and Liverpool have all Barcelona have got, plus.

Oh Chelsea, don't lose your way!

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

RARELY, if ever, has the draw for a major European competition thrown up such an improbable pairing as that of the Cup Winners Cup holders Chelsea with Jeunesse Hautcharage—from Luxembourg's Third Division! The highly paid and obviously misnamed "Pensioners", from the most sophisticated part of a world metropolis which is London, will face a bunch of amateurs and, if they pardon the expression, a team of country bumpkins. They are domiciled in a village whose population has been optimistically put at 900 souls—including, I suspect, a few dozen head of cattle which were hastily added on, to make the total look more respectable.

Germany's biggest sports publication, *Kicker*, claims that the inhabitants number just 300, but the Swiss *Sport* of Zurich, with a wider and more detailed international coverage, produced my first figure which is three times at high as *Kicker's*.

Colleagues

Hautcharage is situated some 21 miles from Differdingen, and this information is mainly intended for the Chelsea fans, my journalistic colleagues, the trio of referees, the UEFA observer—or perhaps even the Chelsea team—should they lose their way, or cannot find their destination on the map!

But how did Hautcharage manage to reach a top international tournament? Well, for a start, they have, technically speaking, a greater right to be here than . . . Chelsea. The Londoners are not even their country's cup holders, but are participating thanks to a rule which permits the winners to enter the following contest. (Incidentally, this was never the ease in the old Fairs Cup for instance.) Jeunesse Hautcharage are fully entitled and more qualified than some of the beaten finalists, for they have after all won the Luxembourg FA Cup.

This historic event took place on June 6, when they defeated the country's former champions Jeunesse Esch by 4-1, after extra time. A total of 8,500 fans—for an international v. Belgium there were only 4,500—among them the Archduke (Luxembourg is a Grand Duchy), witnessed this clash between David and Goliath.

Equaliser

The "peasants" from Hautcharage showed little respect before the First Division giants, who took a half-time lead right against the run of play! In the 73rd minute centre-forward Klein hit the equaliser, after Hautcharage attacked non-stop, whilst Jeunesse unaccountably nervous were lucky not to have lost in normal time. The decisive, factor was the superior stamina of the village team. Three times they slammed the ball past the national 'keeper Hoffmann — the second goal was scored by the 41-year-old forward Kisch!

Perhaps this confirms the quality of Luxembourg's football when a top outfit is dominated and routed by a Third Division XI. Jeunesse Esch fielded five internationals, while Hautcharage is a purely amateur club without any financial backing and who doesn't even pay bonuses. But their triumph was so convincing that even the Esch supporters had to admit it. Hautcharage were not really lucky either. In the eighth-finals they had to remove Rumelingen, whilst in the semi-final they had eliminated the unbeaten champions Union Luxembourg!

Shortly after the final it was announced that this little club, who can only support one team, will not be able to participate in the European Cup because of financial problems. Now it seems that a brewery, from the neighbouring village of Bascharage, have offered to take on the costs of sending the team to London. The mayor promised a municipal loan of £1,200 for the improvements to the ground and the installation of some sort of floodlighting. But the work will be carried out mainly by the players themselves! Up till now the club has had no lights and trained usually either in the open or in the classrooms of the village school. . . .

Revelation

No wonder that when a London evening paper came out with the astonishing revelation that Chelsea's manager, Dave Sexton, is about to prepare a detailed dossier on Hautcharage, there must have been convulsive laughter throughout Europe—from Brest to Tashkent and from Narvik to Siracusa.

But wait . . . perhaps Mr. Sexton should warn his charges or be ready for a shock after all? Luxembourg boast the highest goal-scoring average in Europe with 3.66 goals per match. In England the First Division produced a ratio of only 2.36 goals per game. But even more menacing is the news that Jeunesse Hautcharage have just gained promotion—to Luxembourg's Second Division!

Martin Peters (second from left) slots the ball past the outstretched John Phillips to score for Spurs in a League match against Chelsea. Other players (left to right) include: Eddie McCreadie, Martin Chivers, John Dempsey, John Boyle, Dave Webb, Alan Hudson and Alan Gilzean.

WASHINGTON DARTS FACE FINANCIAL PROBLEMS

Alan Rogers.

WITH more than two-thirds of the NASL season completed the thoughts of many clubs have already begun to turn to next season; that is if there is to be a next season for them.

Wachtel and Co. Inc., brokers and underwriters of Washington, DC, recently issued a very revealing look into the affairs of the Washington Darts when they offered for sale 150,000 shares in the Washington club.

A statement of profit and loss over the club's three years of operation as a professional club was presented along with a statement for the 2½ months from September 15, 1970, to December 31, 1970.

For the year ended September 15, 1968, when the club was a member of the American Soccer League, they had a net operating loss of $63,249. In the following year, again in the American Soccer League, that loss jumped to $99,278 and last year, their first in the big league, the North American Soccer League with increased travel and wages the loss climbed to $163,280.

Increased

In the short 2½ months between the middle of September last year and the end of the year the Darts lost $21,662.

On the credit side, however, it is to be noted that whereas ticket sales in 1968 totalled only $3,912, in the year ended September 15, 1970, this had increased to $68,711.

The problem faced by the Darts in promoting soccer in a city where the game is a foreign sport is perhaps best told in the official paid attendances for these years. In 1968 they averaged just 420 while winning the American Soccer League championship, the following year again when they were champions the average was 1,138 and with the introduction of the NASL in 1970 very little change to 1,650 and a total attendance for the year of 23,105 for 14 games not including the championship play-off.

On the first page of the offering circular it is noted that: "These securities involve a high degree of risk," which is indeed an understatement. It goes on to state certain risk factors, among which are:

1. Professional soccer in the United States is still in a formative or experimental stage of development. To date, paid attendance at professional soccer matches has not been sufficiently great to provide the financial support necessary for profitable team operations, and there can be no assurance that such attendance, either in general or in the Washington area, will increase to the extent necessary to permit profitable operations.

4. To date no team in the NASL has drawn sufficient attendance to operate at a profit. It is estimated that the six teams of the NASL sustained operating losses ranging from $100,000 to $200,000 during the 1970 season.

Needless to say there have been very few takers for the shares which sell at $2 a share and the minimum amount anyone can buy is 200.

In view of this the Washington Darts, one of the most successful clubs results-wise in the history of US professional soccer, and a club that has done a considerable amount for youth soccer in the Washington area, is in serious danger of disappearing. If this does happen then the club's general manager, Norman Sutherland, one of the best soccer administrators in the United States, will be without a job, as will the club's well-known coach, Alan Rogers, who has had considerable experience in many countries around the world. For Rogers it would be particularly tragic, for he was with the Chicago Spurs when they folded and then with the Kansas City Spurs last year when they collapsed.

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WYN SET TO BOOST MAN. CITY

'The big boy has at last sorted himself out'

WYN DAVIES, by all the canons of Caernarvon, has at last sorted himself out. The big boy of Welsh international soccer for almost a decade, believes that Manchester City can be the ultimate answer to his prayers. Now, let's sit back and see what happens.

It's been a struggle for a long time with one club and another, while personal fortunes have fluctuated and affected his footballing reputation until many are beginning to classify him with just an average tag.

Yet without employing any of the leaves from the old upturned teacup, I am prepared to forecast right now that the Gwynedd man made his best move by signing-up with the Maine Road outfit this summer.

If it does not turn out that way, Davies the Goal may just as well return to the family home by the Seiont, and learn another job. For nowhere could there be better stimulus for success than under the combined guidance and coaching of such as Joe Mercer, Malcolm Allison, and Ken Barnes.

Goalmouth

Of course, the 29-year-old could have taken a chance with Derek Dooley's Sheffield Wednesday. Or moved almost anywhere else. Instead, this six-footer with the goalmouth take-off that matters has conceded the future to a club which moulded that great Welsh idol Billy Meredith.

It is these 12 years ago since the fortune-seeking capacity of Dick Whittington rubbed off on to the bright boy of schools' soccer alongside the Menai Straits, and he decided to pack a grip and hit the trail into the big, brave sporting world.

Snowdonia and the border were left behind on the A-5 route south to Birmingham, and a talk with Joe, who was then planning Villa's future, and, having a sufficiency of talent around the Aston Cross those days, decided against signing the boy.

It was different at Wrexham, where Barnes was experiencing the first taste of managership. He quickly recognised the potential displayed on Caernarvon Town's behalf in Welsh League games, and offered the right terms.

The youngster rapidly improved in full-blooded combat against York City, Mansfield Town, Accrington Stanley and the rest, and with the assistance of whole-hearted performances from Mick Metcalfe, Elfed Morris and Clive Colbridge.

That was when William Ridding entered the scene. The one-time old-fashioned centre-forward of Tranmere and Manchester United, then boss of Bolton, arrived to verify a scout's assessment and stayed on for further confirmation.

The likeable, cigar-smoking Bill, rebuilding the Wanderers' attack after the departure of Nat Lofthouse, had Irishman Bill McAdams leading the line, but was thinking of the future, and rated Davies the right prospect.

Story by ERIC THORNTON

The boy had spent a pleasant couple of years at The Racecourse, when Bolton staggered the locals in the old market town of Denbighshire by backing Bill's judgement with a cheque for £22,000—a good price in 1962, and especially for an apprentice who had not then proved himself in the top-class game.

Actually, he had hit 22 goals in 55 League games for Wrexham, and he gave the Burnden fans their moneysworth with a further 54 in 143 games which often linked him with Warwick Rimmer, Syd Farrimond, Brian Birch, Ron McGarry, Francis Lee and Freddie Hill.

Altogether, Davies claimed almost a century of goals when Newcastle took over in October, 1966, so it was hardly surprising that Mr. Ridding demanded—and got—£85,000. Or, to be more precise, made a nice profit of £63,000.

It may be that the Geordies' style and tactics have not been the right ones since. Perhaps support was lacking. Something must have been at fault for in five successive campaigns and nearly 200 games he obtained a mere 40 goals for the Tynesiders.

Now today, after Manchester City have boosted his transfer market tally to £167,000 by their own pay-out of £60,000, Wyn looks back on the experience of almost 12 seasons with three different clubs in contrasting divisions of the League, and 116 goals in 379 League fixtures, and obviously wonders whether this is going to be the winter of fulfilment—or discontent.

Mike Doyle—one of Wyn Davies' new colleagues at Maine Road.

TORONTO ARE TOPS

IN terms of potential for big-time soccer Toronto ranks as one of North America's top two cities, along with New York. This was underlined once again when three exhibition games upstaged the regular NASL fare being served up by the Toronto Metros.

by Colin Jose

First on the agenda was a game between West Ham and Bologna which attracted 14,420 fans to Varsity Stadium. This was followed five days later by the reappearance of Bologna playing against Santos. A crowd of 21,753 paid to watch this game, the capacity for the stadium, but in addition to this another 4,000 climbed a 10 ft. wall to gain admission while hundreds more watched from rooftops and balconies surrounding the ground. Included in the crowd was Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, watching his first game of soccer.

Both matches produced some superb soccer and were fine advertisements for the game, they were also very well handled by Canadian referees Bill Gallagher of Toronto and Peter Johnson of Windsor. In the first game Bologna beat West Ham 1-0 and in the second it was Santos just edging the Italians 2-1.

Disaster

The third game was played at CNE Stadium between a team of Greek internationals and Dinamo Zagreb. This was perhaps even better than the first two for it had speed to top off all the skill, but then suddenly out of the blue came disaster. A Greek and a Yugoslav chased a through ball into the penalty area and the Greek was brought down. The referee, Terry Bell of Toronto, hesitated, and then gave a penalty. Dinamo goalkeeper Fahria Doubtbegovic went berserk, charging around slapping the Greek players across their faces. Not surprisingly, he was punched in return.

More and more people became involved despite the efforts of Dimitrios Domazos to calm things down. Dinamo manager Zlatko Caijkowski left the bench to join in the fray and was soon set upon by the Greek bench who knocked him down and kicked him in the face. By now, of course, the crowd were over the barriers and fights were breaking out all over the place. Extra police were called and after some considerable time managed to calm things down and restore order.

Having been critical of Canadian referees in the past it should be stressed that Mr. Bell was in no way responsible for the disgraceful scenes which took place. The entire responsibility for this incident must lie with the players and with the 200 or so fans who crossed the barriers. The referee finally abandoned the game with 27 minutes still remaining.

Action

In view of the action taken by the English Football League in the case of Leeds United, it will be interesting to see what action is taken regarding this game by the Canadian Soccer Association. In the past such matters have simply been handed on to the National Associations concerned who have administered their own justice, but surely it is now about time that some other action be taken.

I refer to the banning of all future exhibition games involving top class foreign teams from Varsity and CNE Stadiums until adequate fencing is placed around both stadiums to keep the crowd off the pitch and protect players and officials alike. Any big game which pits one nationality against another in Toronto in front of a big crowd is potentially explosive.

With the crowd ringing the pitch at the earlier Santos-Bologna match a very dangerous situation existed but fortunately the game was devoid of controversial incident.

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WELSH NEWS

By PETER JACKSON

National League planned by Wales

THE midsummer UEFA bulletin from Berne pointed out that for the first time a Third Division club would be competing in the Cup Winners Cup. The fact that the club in question is from as minor a football nation as Luxembourg has rankled the Welsh.

While Luxembourg are allowed to make a contribution to each of the three UEFA club competitions, the Welsh have to be satisfied with access solely to the Cup Winners Cup where Cardiff City are the perennial representatives.

Their clubs are barred from the Champions Cup and the renamed Fairs Cup because their League is not run on a national basis. The Welsh Dragon is sleeping on that no more.

The Welsh FA, through the voice of secretary Trevor Morris, has greeted the new season by appointing a five-man sub-committee to "explore the possibilities of a national league".

In brief, the idea is to merge the Welsh League (South), the Welsh League (North) and the Mid-Wales League into a force of 18 clubs.

Critics scoff at the scheme. They say the increased travel costs are prohibitive. But as one of the new sub-committee pointed out: "We in Wales have been thinking too small for too long."

Among those heavily in favour of a national league are the Welsh League (South) champions, Llanelli. "My own view is that we need the incentive of winning the championship to get into Europe," says club secretary Walley Davies.

Llanelli, Haverfordwest, Bridgend Town and Ton Pentre are among the leading South Wales clubs. In the north there's Bangor City, Borough United, Rhyl, Bethesda and others eager to prove their readiness for the new nationwide competition.

There are, however, two stumbling blocks. One is that the Welsh FA will probably insist that the Principality's two Southern League clubs, Merthyr and Barry Town, field their strongest team in the new Welsh League.

It is not impossible that they would sacrifice their Southern League membership provided each had the chance to aim for the European Cup through their own league.

The other obstacle is a much greater one. UEFA's persistent refusal to admit Welsh clubs to the Champions Cup has been based on two inadequacies — no national league and the fact that reserve teams play in the current Welsh League.

"We are hopeful that once we have finalised our plans UEFA will be sympathetic," says a leading Welsh FA official. "We are certainly not going to go to Cardiff City, Wrexham, Swansea City and Newport County and ask them to withdraw from the Football League."

The Football League clubs play their reserves and third teams in the Welsh League. All of which leads to the interesting event of one of those reserve teams winning the first national Welsh League title. It will be more interesting to hear how UEFA react.

DON'T ASK ME!

"THE coming season in Spain? The same as before." That's my pre-season review ... probably the shortest ever.

The same five teams, Atletico Bilbao, Barcelona, Valencia, Atletico Madrid and Real Madrid will be engaged in a private fight for the title, Seville and Real Sociedad generally cause a few upsets mid-table, the other ten (two more this season) will be struggling to avoid the three relegation positions.

It's a sorry position, I know, but the way Spanish football is organised today all the strength automatically falls into the hands of the fashionable clubs.

Only Valencia have made a serious signing, one likely to strengthen their side ... the others are relying on the same League squad as last year.

Last September I tipped Barcelona for the title. They were runners-up on goal average and beat the Champions (Valencia) in the Cup Final. They could do it again ... so could any of the other four.

But there is this one warning.

Real Madrid were fourth two points behind the Champions and reached the final of the Cup Winners Cup ... yet they had every one of their 25 players on the injured list for at least two weeks. They had four goalkeepers hurt at one time and had to buy one to complete their side.

The same thing happened to Ronnie Allen's Atletico Bilbao, runners-up the previous year and expected to challenge hard. They finished fifth, eight points behind, but Echeberria, Rojo and Clemente, all basic players and internationals, missed 25 games each.

Vic Buckingham left Barcelona strong enough; Valencia are now up to strength and could retain the title; Atletico Madrid have only to tone down their rough play and both Real Madrid and Bilbao, if they avoid injuries, are safe bets.

Jose Garate of Atletico Madrid.

Transfer system still persists

PHILIP EVANS from Italy

FEWER "notable" transfers this year, but the diabolical system still persists. From one end to the other it militates against the dignity of players great and small, ensuring that all but a select handful—those definitely stamped as being "not for sale"—should be made to feel like market cattle.

The fact that the period for transfer-making is limited aids the impression of organised chaos. Agreed, some deals are made in secret (and usually leaked fullsomely to the press) before the week-long period during which clubs are allowed to do their wheeling and dealing. But the smell of fear and greed persists.

A limited time for making transfers has its values. It ensures that clubs have their rosters fixed before the start of a season, that the wealthier cannot simply scrabble around with their cheque-books should things go badly for them during the first half of a season. The premium is upon training a given squad to the best of its cumulative ability.

In practice, however, the thing cuts both ways. Unable to buy players in mid-season, the wealthier clubs now tend to buy most of the good players during the summer, irrespective of whether they are to be used or not. The reserve players of Inter, Milan, Juventus, Cagliari are too often more talented than the first-team players of lesser clubs, and have to endure a season without any hope of seeing first-team football. Once in an Italian line-up it is desperately difficult to mistake your way out: reserves are always thought of as being reserves.

Business deal

Some readers of the magazine may be unfamiliar with the name "Gallia". It belongs to a hotel set in the centre of Milan, and for years past it has been the venue for all important transfer dealing in Italian football. It is to the "Gallia" that football club directors and coaches arrive for their session, lasting for a few days in the height of the summer. Milan in high summer is no place to be, and on grounds of weather and atmosphere it is not unnatural that vast quantities of wine and food should be consumed. But there are many who think of the whole system as devolved around the "Gallia" as being archaic and uncivilised. Among them the majority of players.

Not for the Italians a straightforward business deal: you have this player, I'll have X million lire plus the following players in exchange. No. The Italians have a reputation for subtlety, and it is one they like. It is also one that they grossly misuse.

Inflationary valuation

Most famous of the systems in use is that of selling players *in comproprietà*, that is to say, selling a half-share in a player over an agreed time-span. Take the case of Alessandro Vitali. Eighteen months ago Lanerossi were induced to sell a half-share in Vitali to Fiorentina for 250 million lire. A grotesquely inflationary valuation but no matter, thus are the ways of the Italians. Come the end of the season just finished and the two clubs then fought it out to see which of them valued Vitali the more highly. Two envelopes are laid down on the table, bearing the valuation of the clubs concerned. Lanerossi's valuation is the higher. They pay money to Fiorentina and the player returns to his former fold.

Is that the last of the matter? Most certainly not. Vicenza never had any intention of using Vitali in the forthcoming season. They simply needed him on their books since they had already received heavy intimation that other clubs were interested in paying handsomely for Vitali's services. And the player finally finishes on the roster of Cagliari.

There are numerous examples of this sort of thing, but the point is obvious. For two months—the dealing is done at the "Gallia", but the groundwork is laid well before—Vitali could never be remotely certain as to the club for which he was due to play next season. He, and the dozens in the same predicament, was made to feel like a piece of merchandise, with no say as to where he wanted to go, no right of appeal, no vestige of dignity.

Raised in the locality

Then there is the straight loan of a player—*in prestito*—for a short term, usually only one year. And the same argument applies. The club's finances come first, the player second. Yet these men for all that they are professional footballers, have children to educate, friendships to develop, relatives who need caring for. Take any club roster among those clubs playing in the *Serie A*, and on not one will you notice that the players concerned were born or raised in the locality.

The argument can run equally effectively the other way. The fact that less money was exchanged at the "Gallia" this year points forcibly to the parlous financial state in which most clubs find themselves. More than one club director was heard to observe that he could not afford to bullock his way into the market since the cost of paying a playing staff was prohibitive. Why have the "expensive" centre-forward when your next move is going to be that of paying him 50 million lire a year for playing for you. Amen.

Italian international goalkeeper Zoff pictured during a training session.

BRAZIL

Carioca title triumph for "flu"

ON the last day of the Carioca Championship (in which the Rio clubs play) Fluminense beat Botafogo 1-0 in front of a 142,000 crowd at the Maracanã stadium to win the title. Botafogo had been leading the league all the way and reached the last day a point ahead of "Flu", but a goal scored by Lula a minute from the end cost them the title. Thus Fluminense, founded in 1902 and the pride of Rio's Italian community, won the championship for the 19th time and it was particularly satisfying for national team coach, "Lobo" Zegalo. He had been virtually sacked by Botafogo at the beginning of the year and immediately engaged by Fluminense.

Lula's goal started incidents as Botafogo players claimed he was offside and that his team-mate, Marco Antonio, had pushed goalie Urbirajara just before. Botafogo's World Cup half-back, Brito, hit the referee and the game was held up for 15 minutes. Now Botafogo club lawyers are trying to get the game annulled.

Regional

On the same day San Paulo FC won Brazil's other important regional championship, the San Paulo League, by a point from national champions, Palmeiras, with Santos in third place.

Final placings at Rio (Carioca League):

(1) Fluminense, 30 pts.; (2) Botafogo, 29; (3) Olaria, 26; (4) Flamengo, 25; (5) America, 18; (6) Vasco da Gama, 15; (7) Bangú, 14; (8) Bonsucesso, 12.

And at San Paulo:

(1) San Paulo, 36; (2) Palmeiras, 33; (3) Santos, Portuguesa, 28; (5) Ponte Preta, 23; (6) Ferroviaria, 21; (7) Guarani, 19; (8) Juventus, 16; (9) Botafogo, 13; (10) Paulista, 11; (11) Sao Bento, 8

GIANTS ARE TOPPLED!

URUGUAY

A WELCOME change in Uruguayan soccer — even if, as everybody believes — it may only be for a short time. Two small clubs, Danubio and Liverpool, are fighting for the lead, while habitual leaders, Nacional (the South American Cup holders) and Peñarol, are joint third. At press time Liverpool had just beaten Danubio 2-0 to take over at the top.

Under coach Raul Betancour, Danubio play attractive soccer on the ground with rhythm and combination which hasn't been seen in Uruguay for quite some time. The Uruguayans have a name for it: "Happy Soccer." Liverpool rely more on intelligent defence and counter-attack. The leading places of these teams are no fluke and they are pulling in crowds unheard of for small clubs.

But the general background is one of economic crisis with none of the clubs being able to make ends meet and hoping for government subsidies which, however, at the same time would mean government intervention. Its worse for big clubs, Nacional and Peñarol. They have a far bigger wage bill and are praying for a recess in the championship to be able to play abroad and earn more money.

Nacional are mentioned in a separate article in this issue. At Peñarol, coach Roque Maspoli, their former goalkeeper, has left and Uruguay's last World Cup coach, Eduardo Hohberg has taken over. It isn't a problem of coaches at Peñarol, but the fact that their great team of a few years back has aged and the newcomers are not up to the same standard. Team rebuilding may take a long time, specially with little cash available.

First Division placings are:

(1) Liverpool, 11 pts.; (2) Danubio, 10; (3) Nacional, Peñarol, 9; (5) Bella Vista, Huracan Buceo, 7; (7) Cerro, Sudamerica, Central, 6; (10) Racing, River Plate, 5; (12) Defensor, 3.

VENEZUELA

Venezuela, where soccer is kept alive by European immigrants and clubs carry names of the regions from where their support comes, may soon go all national in the general national feeling prevailing in the country. A law to be passed will force four of the eight professional league clubs to change their name.

Placings, at press time, were: (1) Valencia, Deportivo Italia, 23 pts.; (3) Deportivo Galicia, 22; (4) Dep. Canarias, 19; (5) Aragua, 15; (6) Dep. Portugues, Anzoategui, 14; (8) Lara, 6.

CHILE

After a few years of experimenting with provincial and metropolitan clubs playing in separate leagues and then joining for a national championship—all to reduce expenses, increase gates and interest—Chile has gone back to the old formula of all First Division clubs playing each other home and away in one league.

Popular Santiago club, Colo-Colo, have just reached the top with 19 pts., followed by (2) La Serena, 17; (3) Deportes Concepcion, San Felipe, 16; (5) Union Calera, 14; (6) O'Higgins, Universidad de Chile, 13; (8) Huachipato, Union Española, Universidad Catolica, Everton, 12; (12) Lotta Schwager, Green Cross, Rangers, Antofagasta, 11; (16) Wanderers, Magallanes, 9; (18) Audax-Italiano, 6.

The Strongest, the club which had its team wiped out in an air accident a year ago, are back at the top of the new "Three Cities" League in Bolivia, called thus because clubs from La Paz, Cochabamba and Oruro (who formerly each played in their own league) compete in it.

The top seven will then play for the national title, together with leading clubs from Santa Cruz and Sucre.

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUND-UP

by ERIC WEIL

Fischer, one of the Argentine's leading scorers, puts the ball into the net with a spectacular header.

The new set-up is more interesting, but heavy travelling—La Paz and Cochabamba are 540 kilometres apart—is not helping the clubs' finances.

Placings are: (1) The Strongest, 16; (2) Municipal, 14; (3) Ferroviario, 12; (4) Wilsterman, Mariscal Santa Cruz, Bolivar, 11; (7) Litoral de Cochabamba, Litoral de La Paz, 10; (9) Aurora, 9; (10) 31 de Octubre, Petrolero, 8; (12) Ayacucho, Chaco, 7; (14) San José, 6.

PERU

Peru feel that they were stopped in the last World Cup by the tougher play of the European teams. Now the FA has engaged Hungarian coach, Lajos Baroti, to take over the national team, while champions, Sporting Cristal, have given the job to German, Rudy Gutendorf. Both have expressed that they will try to impose the tougher European style on their charges.

Within a week, league leaders, Sporting Cristal, lost to bottom club, ADO, and were knocked off the top by Deportivo Municipal, who held them to a draw a week later. It remains to be seen whether the tougher European style will suit the generally small Peruvians who are well known for their ball artistry.

League placings are: (1) Deportivo Municipal, 12 pts.; (2) Universitario, 12; (3) Sporting Cristal, 11; (4) Mariano Malgar, Sport Boys, 9; (6) Atletico Torino, 8; (7) Juan Aurich, Alianza Lima, 7; (9) Defensor Lima, Defensor Arica, Unión Tumán, 6; (12) Carlos Manucci, Porvenir Miraflores, Jose Galvez, ADO, 4; (16) Octavio Espinosa, 3. (Top scorer: Mellán, Dep. Municipal, 9.)

PARAGUAY

Paraguay: First Division placings are: (1) Cerro Porteño and Olimpia, 11 pts.; (3) Rubio Ñu, 9; (4) Libertad, 8; (5) Guarani, River Plate, 7; (7) Sportivo Luqueño, 6; (8) Sol de America, General Caballero, Nacional, 4.

ARGENTINA

THE local season in Argentina is in its mid-winter break. Of late it has been the custom to have a month's break between the Metropolitan and National Championships. This year the Metropolitan is twice as long, while the National has been shortened, so that the middle of the year has come with the Metropolitan only two-thirds over. Yet the break has been made all the same.

There is no particular reason for it. Climatic conditions do not hinder soccer at any time of the year here. Clubs are not too keen on it as it stops gate money coming in. Some go on foreign tours to help make ends meet, come back with their players tired out and, as a result, lose form. Other clubs rest their players and often lose their rhythm also. One way or another, this mid-season break has caused remarkable changes of fortune in the past.

The break is also used for international games. Argentina and Paraguay have met home and away for the Chevalier Boutel Cup which Argentine took with a 1-0 win after drawing the first game, but the games and the teams were exceedingly poor.

Organiser

One club which decided not to accept offers of lucrative foreign tours so as not to tire their slender resources, were league leaders, Chacarita Juniors. Their stay at the top has been exceedingly difficult lately and they have been picking up points by the skin of their teeth. Yet Chacarita has just sold Marcos, their international forward, captain and organiser in chief to French club, Nantes, for 45,000 dollars and the chances are that they will find it all the more tougher to keep their lead without him.

Top-scoring San Lorenzo, only a point behind, look a better proposition at this stage—unless their current tour changes their fortunes.

ECUADOR

Ecuador: Sixteen teams, in two sections, play in the re-vamped national championship.

Current placings are: *Section 1:* (1) Emelec, 10 pts.; (2) Dep. Cuenca, America 8; (4) Nacional, Juventud Italiana, 6; (6) Politecnico, 5; (7) Macará, 4; (8) Norteamerica, 0. *Section 2:* Liga Dep. Universitaria de Quito, 9; (2) Universidad Catolica, 8; (3) Barcelona, Universidad Porto Viejo, 7; (5) 9 de Octubre, Dep. Quito, 6; (7) Brasil, 4; (8) Olmedo Riobamba, 1.

COLOMBIA

Atletico Nacional, of Medellin, won the first of the two leagues into which the Colombian Championship is divided. The top two teams of each championship then play off for the title. Nacional, who are usually in the bottom places, had a four-point lead in the end. They are coached by an Argentinian, Jose Curti, and have four Argentine players in the team.

Final placings in the "Opening Championship" were: (1) Nacional, 40 pts.; (2) Deportivo Cali, Santa Fe, 36; (4) Millionarios de Bogotá, 32; (5) Cucuta, 29; (6) Deportivo Pereira, America de Cali, 26; (8) Once Caldas, 24; (9) Dep. Quindio, 23; (10) Tolima, 22; (11) Cartagena, 18; (12) Juniors de Baranquilla, 18; (13) Oro Negro, 15; (14) Union Magdalena, 14 (Leading scorers were Londero, an Argentinian with Cucuta [18 goals] and Paniagua, a Paraguayan with Pereira [16].)

PURE CHANCE SAVED MY LIFE

says Sabino Barinaga

Tragic loss for F.A.R.

SABINO BARINAGA escaped certain death in the Moroccan Royal Palace massacre and assassination attempt on King Hassan ... by pure chance and devotion to his job as manager of FAR (Royal Armed Forces).

But in Madrid his wife and six children, who knew he had been invited to the King's ill-fated birthday celebrations, had hours of agonising worry before they knew he was safe. Telephone communication with the Moroccan capital was completely impossible ... even for me, through press channels. Eventually at seven o'clock on the Sunday evening — 16 hours after the attempted *coup*—came the saddened voice of Sabino from Rabat. He spoke to his wife and family and was then switched to me.

It was a grim story he told.

"I'm alive because, by pure chance, I didn't go to the Skirat Palace for the celebration garden party.

"I received the invitation two weeks ago but on Thursday went to the Palace, offered my felicitations to the King and asked to be excused. I explained that as FAR had a Cup semi-final match on Sunday, I and the team wanted to be concentrated in a suburb hotel on the Friday evening. The King, who I see twice a week, understood and said he admired our dedication. I also declined the club president's suggestion that I leave the team for a couple of hours to attend the reception."

Confusion

Sabino went on: "On Saturday I brought the team into town for the afternoon cinema session and not until we left did we realise something unusual had occurred. We found the streets in chaos and confusion. Many people were crying and in hysterics ... and the police and army were patiently calming the bewildered public. We didn't stay around but immediately returned to our hotel where we learned the whole story."

At this point the line went quiet ... but Sabino was still there, I'm sure, controlling his nerves and emotion.

"I don't know how to explain this," he said slowly, "but while the players were huddled round the radio listening to the latest bulletins, someone official, I don't know who it was, called me aside. He gently broke the news ... that the Minister of Sport, General Bouhimez (president of FAR), Colonel Buing (vice-president of FAR) and the general manager of the club, my four closest friends in Morocco ... had been killed in the attack at the Palace. I was broken ... it was terrible ... I'm afraid I broke down and cried.

"It took me an hour to grasp what had happened, then I had to face the players and break the news to them. That made it worse."

There was little I could say. It was neither the time for sympathy nor questions. Then Sabino asked: "Can you understand why, don't you agree, it was pure chance, or fate, that saved my life. Had I gone to the Palace I would have been with that wonderful president and his small group of friends ... and they were all killed."

Sabino Barinaga.

RIOT AS CANADA DEFEAT COLOMBIA

REFEREE Jose Pichardo was knocked down and kicked by Colombian team officials after Canada caused the sensation of the Pan American Games in Cali, defeating the home team 3-2. Pichardo, from the Dominican Republic, quickly picked himself up and, using his fists surprisingly well, began to hand out left and right hooks that had the Colombians retreating.

With the crowd screaming "Kill him, kill him", steel helmeted troops jumped barbed wire barriers to rush on to the sidelines of the Pascal Guerrero Stadium to separate the combatants. Escorted by the troops and pelted with missiles from the stands, Pichardo was shepherded into a dressing-room which was promptly besieged by thousands of angry Colombian fans calling for "the referee's blood".

The struggle between the referee and the Colombian officials occurred in front of the grandstand and came after one of the roughest matches seen here for many years.

COLIN McALPIN from N. Ireland

Fortune favours the Irish?

IT gives one a curious feeling, especially if one is a native of Northern Ireland and interested, therefore, in the fortunes of the national side, to view a World Cup draw with something other than dread. For once, events and good fortune would seem to be in favour of Billy Bingham's boys. Enough to feel, at any rate, that being drawn alongside Bulgaria, Portugal and Cyprus for the qualifying stages of the 1974 competition holds no unmitigated terrors. There is every reason to feel quietly confident about our chances of beating all three.

True the actual games will not be staged for some considerable time, yet the performances of Northern Ireland in the recent British Championship series—when, by general consent, we were the best, the most entertaining of the four and did everything but win the title—holds much hope for the future.

Individual

Indeed, I feel that it is in the long-term that Northern Ireland will achieve greatness. Billy Bingham, a canny manager who in spite of obvious disadvantages—dare one mention the reluctance of English clubs to release key players for international matches and the always limited pool of adequate talent?—has done much good work, has a young team fully capable of producing quality football which ought, given the breaks, to take us to West Germany.

There were signs during our games against England, Scotland and Wales that the team is reaching maturity. A number of excellent individual performances—those, for instance, of Alan Hunter, surely the outstanding pivot of the series, Pat Rice and Sammy Nelson, the Arsenal full-backs who seem certain to carry on a fine tradition for Northern Ireland of reliable club defenders, Liam O'Kane, the exciting half-back from Nottingham Forest, and the new-look Derek Dougan, who has taken to his role of skipper with refreshing success—suggests that if the form can be maintained little can stand in our way.

Encounters

Of course, only a fool would at this stage book his ticket and hotel for the finals in the certain knowledge that Northern Ireland will be there. Nothing in World Cup football is ever that simple and much can happen between now and the actual encounters.

Billy Bingham, whose more immediate task is to ensure a good run in the European Cup for his club Linfield, knows too well the pitfalls of international football. He does say, however, that the draw has given us a golden opportunity to show what we can do in world-class soccer.

All our opponents are going through troubled times now. Portugal are not the team of old, beset with the problem of replacing the old guard, Bulgaria, possibly the major threat to our success, will find it hard to replace a man of the quality of the late Georgi Asparoukhov and Cyprus, whom we have already thrashed 3-0 and 5-0 in the current European Championship, are certainly there for the taking.

When the draw was originally made I said, in my *Sunday News* column in Belfast, that we stood a better-than-average chance of making it to the finals. I see no reason for altering that opinion. Billy Bingham is an excellent manager who knows the game inside-out, he has a talented team to work with—and together they can do it.

Aggregate

I said earlier that Billy Bingham has more immediate problems in the European Cup where Linfield meet Standard Liege. And he also has vital European Championship games against Russia (both home and away) and Spain (home). So far we have been beaten by the Spanish in Madrid and have disposed of Cyprus on that 8-0 aggregate.

When we met the Russians in the previous World Cup qualifying stages we drew with them in Belfast and might so easily have beaten them. They won the second game in Moscow, as was expected, yet overall there was even then the glimmer of hope. I see no reason why we can't see the Spanish off with a defeat and if we play as we can against Russia in Belfast, where victory is not beyond us, we might achieve the breakthrough as one of Europe's top national sides. Exciting prospects indeed....

Officials

At club level the draw for the major European tournaments brought smiles to the faces of officials of Linfield, Distillery (who meet Barcelona in the Cup Winners Cup) and Glentoran (paired with Eintracht Brunswick in the EUFA Cup) and promised some entertaining football for Belfast fans.

Derek Dougan, new Northern Ireland skipper.

Of the three I'm particularly looking forward to the Distillery-Barcelona game. Distillery have a young side who play the sort of football I like, direct, fast and always enterprising. The Spaniards will, needless to say, start favourites but they can certainly look forward to a run for their money from the Whites.

The coming months will see a hive of international activity—both at club and national level—and it prompts me to remember that Northern Ireland fans are among the best served in this respect in the British Isles. In Belfast alone they'll be able to watch World Cup, European Championship, European Cup, European Cup Winners Cup and EUFA Cup games. And in the Province you can add the Texaco Cup games. We never had it so good!

WEST GERMAN NEWSLETTER
by
Arthur Rotmil

Schoen in row with Press men

THE German national team continued its Scandinavian tour with a 0-1 defeat by Sweden at Goeteborg, and finished with a 3-1 victory over Denmark in Copenhagen. The side failed to recapture their brilliant form displayed in that 7-1 triumph in Norway, but clearly no more fireworks could be expected from a rather weary bunch of men at the end of the longest season in Europe.

Most German internationals have been in action since July 25 or 29 (1970!) playing off full DFB Cup rounds which had been postponed because of the Mexico World Cup. They carried on with the championship programme, plus another domestic Cup series and finished with the game in Denmark on June 30!

The Scandinavian hosts, especially the strong Swedes, who are right in the middle of their leisurely fixtures in a 12-team League, were at an obvious advantage which they exploited to the full. In addition, the heavy ground slowed down the visitors who controlled the game for an hour and had the better chances but eventually fell to a single goal.

Brilliant

This was magnificently executed in the 62nd minute by the famous Ove Kindvall, who recently left the Dutch champions Feyenoord to return home. The Germans fought back grimly but once again Overath and Grabowski were foiled by the brilliant goalkeeper Hellström.

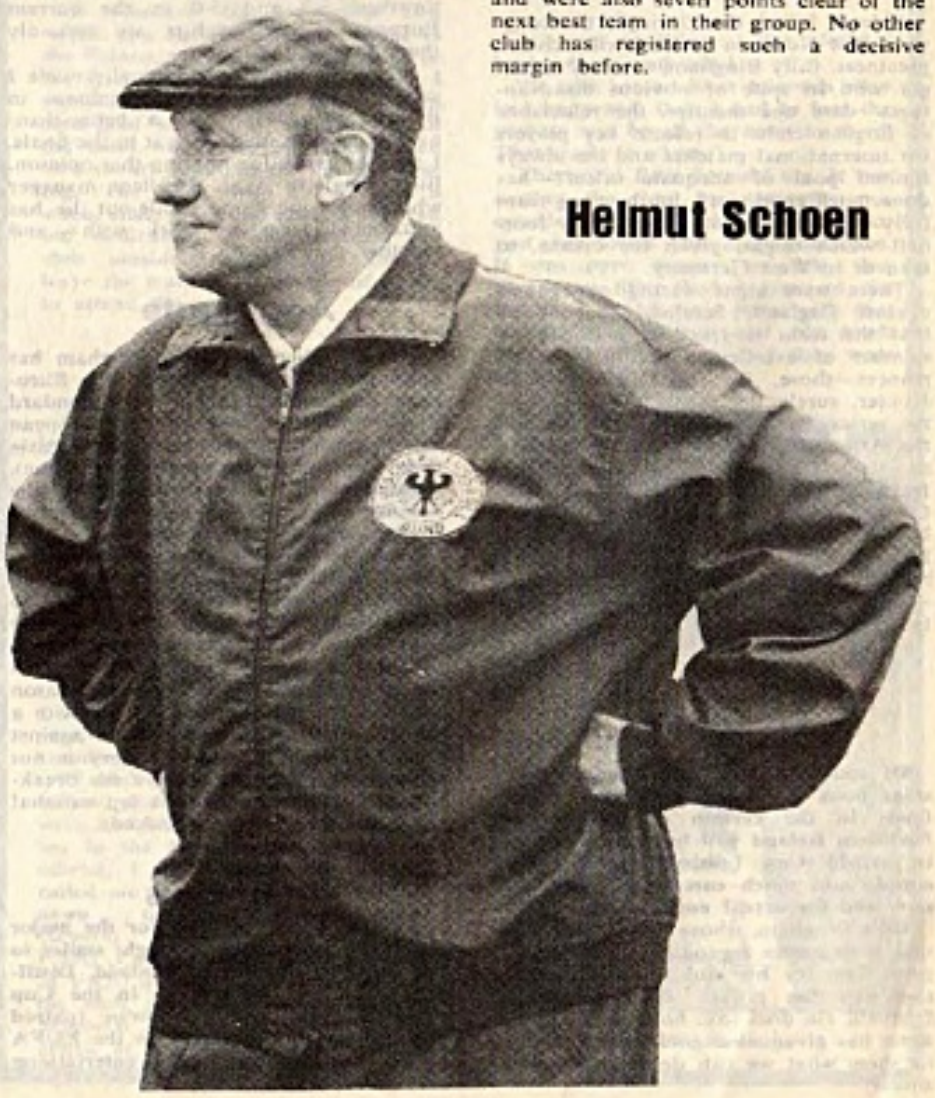
Denmark, whose international record should improve now that they also field their professional emigrés, looked equally capable of upsetting their distinguished guests, when a goal by Bjerre gave them a 13th-minute lead. The Germans clearly underrated their opponents and in the first half-hour could not settle down, especially as the Danes, having scored, gained in confidence and began dictating the pace.

But in the last 20 minutes the visitors made a final determined effort which was crowned with three goals from Müller (71) Flohe (81) and Beckenbauer (86). Highlight of the match was the tremendous duel between the team-colleagues, the Danish left-winger Le Fevre and German right-back Vogts, who both play for Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach.

The tour was overshadowed by a rare and unnecessary row between manager Helmut Schoen and the entire body of soccer writers accompanying the party. The "Bundestrainer" had apparently insulted three journalists claiming that one was "inventing" stories, another was writing "fables" and to the last he said: "You are certainly not a sports journalist."

Subsequently, the majority of roughly two dozen writers declared their solidarity with the three men and announced an interview-boycott against Schoen. Just 20 hours later, Herr Schoen decided to travel at Goeteborg to clear the air. At a press conference lasting nearly two hours, he withdrew his remarks claiming they "had slipped out"—and the journalists lifted their boycott!

The battles for promotion to the *Bundesliga* were won by the representatives of the Regional-Liga West, Fortuna Düsseldorf and VfL Bochum. The former return after four years "in the wilderness", while the latter will make their début in the upper sphere. Fortuna topped her group unbeaten in eight matches and by gaining 14 points equalled the record of Rotweiss Essen. But Bochum also finished on 14 points and were also seven points clear of the next best team in their group. No other club has registered such a decisive margin before.



Helmut Schoen

SOFIA or RIO?

That is the question

by LESLIE VERNON

THE traditional Hungarian battle-cry, "HUJ-HUJ-HAJRA", drowned the sound of drums and fireworks in the Maracana stadium in Rio on June 21—a day which could mark the turning point in the history of Central European football.

The Magyars travelled to Brazil with a great deal of trepidation. They knew that this was the match the World Champions wanted to win in order to revenge two memorable defeats—the "Battle of Bern", and Liverpool '66. Zagalo fielded his strongest available team, using Rivelino at midfield and Tostao in the hub of the attack.

Illovszky quite rightly opted for experience, and in a defence-orientated formation, played Szucs as a linkman. He also recalled the long-neglected Geczi in goal, and Istvan Juhasz, the hard-working Ferencvaros utility man.

There were only a handful of Hungarian émigrés in the 90,000 crowd, but by the end of the match, their voices rose above the usual din of the fanatical home fans. In the first half-hour, only the unexpected agility of Felix saved the Champs. The stocky goalkeeper, who always looks like a man badly in need of a shave and a good sleep, punched dangerous shots from Fazekas and "Anti" Dunai over the bar.

Ebullient referee

A Rivelino banana-shot was kicked off the line by Panesics, and later, a seemingly valid goal was disallowed by the ebullient West German ref, Tschenscher. Shortly before half-time, Bene made a hash of a sitter, and the same player miscued a shot from ten yards, when he had only the goalkeeper to beat.

The second period was a well-balanced affair, although the Hungarians nearly paid a heavy price for a careless Peter Juhasz back-pass. Tostao picked up the ball, and his close-range shot was finger-tipped round a post by Geczi, thus keeping the score-sheet blank. But the Brazilians were generally disappointing, and the volatile crowd booed them off the field, calling for the resignation of Zagalo. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*—or, more explicitly, who the hell wants to be a football manager? This was the best Hungarian display of controlled, tactically mature football for years.

Sofia or Rio? That is the question. Would the "real" Hungary please stand up! Only the future can provide the solution to this particular riddle. The friendly v. Yugoslavia on September 1 at Budapest might indicate the trend.

While the national team provided a pleasant surprise, the domestic scene is just as muddled and uncertain as usual. This time, the spotlight has been focused on the MTK camp, where earlier noises of discontent reached an ugly crescendo. Nine players—most of them first team regulars—refused to work with coach/manager Tibor Palicsko, and did not turn up for pre-season training sessions.

In their round-robin letter to the club management, they complained about the coach's methods and asked for his dismissal. MTK, also known as Hungaria and as Red Banners during its history, one of the most respected clubs in Europe, faced the crisis bravely.

They threw this despicable letter into the nearest waste-paper basket, and consequently suspended the nine players for a year. All their allowances (the "amateur" expression for wages) were withdrawn, and they were told that they won't be able to train on the MTK ground.

I suspect that some of these hot-headed young men now have to look-up the addresses of their places of work, where they had been nominally employed as a cover for their full-time footballing activities.

Csepel have also had problems with trouble-makers in their ranks. Five players had to be disciplined for consuming too much "Tokay"—apparently for breakfast (!)—and arriving slightly intoxicated for training. These miscreants do not deserve to be mentioned by name, but it is a healthy sign that the managements are at last consistent in their treatment of guilty players—irrespective of their value to the team.

The FA have given strong backing to clubs in these matters, and have also barred Lajos Kocsis, the Honved star, from playing in representative football. Let's hope that the message has finally reached home, so that in future, I'll have happier tidings to report.

The World Cup draw was greeted with mixed feelings in Budapest. Austria, Sweden and Malta are in the same group as the Hungarians—so it could have been worse. The Austrians, of course, are the old enemy—no less than 114 full internationals have been contested between the two countries. The record (Hungary first): W 58, D 23, L33. Goals 265–218.

Against the fast improving Swedes, Hungary have played 27 times, winning 14 and losing 7, with goals 73-52 in the Magyars' favour. Malta will provide new opposition, but it has been noted that England could only win 1-0 on the dusty pitch of the stadium in Valetta. There can't be many Hungarians living in Malta, but perhaps the few will remember to chant HUJ-HUJ-HAJRA....

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POST-WAR SURVEY West Germany by ERIC BATTY

KAISERSL A WERE 'THE'

1945-46	Regional leagues only			
1946-47	Regional leagues only			
1947-48	1st FC Nurnberg	2	1st FC Kaiserslautern	1
1948-49	VfR Mannheim	3	Borussia Dortmund	2
1949-50	VfB Stuttgart	2	FC Kickers Offenbach	1
1950-51	1st FC Kaiserslautern	2	Preussen Munster	1
1951-52	VfB Stuttgart	3	1st FC Saarbrucken	2
1952-53	1st FC Kaiserslautern	4	VfB Stuttgart	1
1953-54	Hannover 96	5	1st FC Kaiserslautern	1
1954-55	Rot Weiss Essen	4	1st FC Kaiserslautern	3
1955-56	Borussia Dortmund	4	Karlsruher SC	2
1956-57	Borussia Dortmund	4	Hamburger SV	1
1957-58	FC Schalke 04	3	Hamburger SV	0
1958-59	Eintracht Frankfurt	5	FC Kickers Offenbach	3
1959-60	Hamburger SV	3	1st FC Koln	2
1960-61	1st FC Nurnberg	3	Borussia Dortmund	0
1961-62	1st FC Koln	4	1st FC Nurnberg	0
1962-63	Borussia Dortmund	3	1st FC Koln	1

		P	W	D	L	F A	P
1963-64	1st FC Koln	30	17	11	2	78.40	45
1964-65	Werder Bremen	30	15	11	4	54.29	41
1965-66	Munchen 1860	34	20	10	4	80.40	50
1966-67	Eintracht Braunschweig	34	17	9	8	49.27	43
1967-68	1st FC Nurnberg	34	19	9	6	71.37	47
1968-69	FC Bayern Munchen	34	18	10	6	61.31	46
1969-70	Bor. Monchengladbach	34	23	5	6	71.29	51
1970-71	Bor. Monchengladbach	34	20	10	4	77.35	50

CHAMPIONSHIP WINNERS TO DATE:
1st FC Nurnberg 9, FC Schalke 04 7, Hamburger SV 4, Borussia Dortmund 3, VfB Leipzig 3, SpVgg Furth 3, FC Bayern Munchen 2, 1st FC Koln 2, 1st FC Kaiserslautern 2, VfB Stuttgart 2, Hannover 96 2, Hertha BSC 2, Dresdner SC 2, Viktoria 89 Berlin 2, Borussia Monchengladbach 2, Munchen 1860 1, Eintracht Braunschweig 1, Werder Bremen 1, Eintracht Frankfurt 1, Rot Weiss Essen 1, Fortuna Dusseldorf 1, SC Rapid (Vienna) 1, VfR Mannheim 1, Holstein Kiel 1, Karlsruher FV 1, Freiburger FC 1, Phoenix Karlsruhe 1, Union 93 Berlin 1.

NOTES. Until the formation of the Bundesliga in 1963 the championship was decided by Regional league winners playing off. Prior to 1963 the table above shows the result of the final Play-off—the "endspiele". During the Second World War Austria was regarded as part of Germany and Austrian clubs therefore took part in the championship and the FA Cup.

TOP LEAGUE SCORERS:

Schlienz (VfB Stuttgart)	45
Poschl 1st FC Nurnberg)	37
Schlienz (VfB Stuttgart)	31
Preissler (Borussia Dortmund)	25
Yetter (VfL Osnabruck)	28
Woitkowiak (Hamburger SV)	40
Siedl (Borussia Neuenkirchen)	27
Walter (F) (1st FC Kaiserslautern)	38
Martin (1st FC Saarbrucken)	35
Meyer (VfR Mannheim)	36
Seeler (Hamburger SV)	32
Beck (Karlsruher SC)	33
Trapp (Tura Ludwigshafen)	29
Seeler (Hamburger SV)	29
Seeler (Hamburger SV)	36
Seeler (Hamburger SV)	30
Dorrenbacher (Bor. Neuenkirchen)	37
Altendorf (Hertha BSC)	41
Seeler (Hamburger SV)	30
Brunnenmeier (Munchen 1860)	24
Emmerich (Borussia Dortmund)	31
Muller (G) (FC Bayern Munchen)	28
Lohr (1st FC Koln)	27
Muller (G) (FC Bayern Munchen)	30
Muller (G) (FC Bayern Munchen)	38
Kobluhn (Rot Weiss Oberhausen)	24

THE most successful Bundesliga clubs are undoubtedly Borussia Monchengladbach, FC Bayern Munchen who, together with Borussia Dortmund and the 1st FC Koln, have become best known internationally through their contributions to the big European club competitions.

For me, however, and I am sure this is an opinion that will be shared by all objective football fans, critics and observers of the game in West Germany the big team of the post-war years has been 1st FC Kaiserslautern. This club's contribution to the *Bundesliga*, which didn't get off the ground until 1963 and the European circuit in general has, admittedly, been only marginal but on closer examination their performances fully justify the status I have given them.

Unfortunately for everyone—the fans who didn't see them—and of course, not least, the club itself, FCK's great team of the post-war years had already "grown old" and passed into history when the European Cups began to attract attention.

Superb Hungarians

Kaiserslautern's record is, nevertheless, nothing short of fantastic and though at the time the club was almost unheard of outside Germany in 1954 it was to this club and the little town in South West Germany that Sepp Herberger turned when he built his team that was to surprise everyone by "sneaking away" with the World Cup in 1954. Rank outsiders when the series began, the Germans crashed 3-8 to the superb Hungarians of Koesis-Hidegkuti-Puskas fame, only to reach the final and beat the *unbeatable* Magyars 3-2.

Sepp Herberger's 1954 World Cup Winners included no less than five 1st FC Kaiserslautern players — left-back Werner Kohlmeyer, right-half Horst Eckel, centre-half Werner Liebrich, centre-forward Ottmar Walter and his brother Fritz Walter, the captain and inside-left.

In the pre-*Bundesliga* years from 1945 on, 1st FC Kaiserslautern were champions twice and reached the final play-off,

FA CUP FINALS
No competition between 1943 and 1952

Rot Weiss Essen	2	Alemannia Aachen	1
VfB Sturrgart	1	1st FC Koln	0
Karlsruher SC	3	FC Schalke 04	2
Karlsruher SC	3	Hamburger SV	1
FC Bayern Munchen	1	Fortuna Dusseldorf	0
VfB Stuttgart	4	Fortuna Dusseldorf	3
S/U Essen	5	Borussia Neuenkirchen	2
Bor. Monchengladbach	3	Karlsruher SC	2
Werder Bremen	2	1st FC Kaiserslautern	0
1st FC Nurnberg	2	Fortuna Dusseldorf	1
Hamburger SV	3	Borussia Dortmund	0
Munchen 1860	2	Eintracht Frankfurt	0
Borussia Dortmund	2	Alemannia Aachen	0
FC Bayern Munchen	4	Meidericher SV	2
FC Bayern Munchen	4	Hamburger SV	0
1st FC Koln	4	VfL Bochum	1
FC Bayern Munchen	2	FC Schalke 04	1
FC Kickers Offenbach	2	1st FC Koln	1
FC Bayern Munchen	2	1st FC Koln	1

FA CUP WINNERS TO DATE:
FC Bayern Munchen 5, 1st FC Nurnberg 3, Munchen 1860 2, VfB Stuttgart 2, Karlsruher SC 2, Dresdner SC 2, Rot Weiss Essen 1, S/U Essen 1, Werder Bremen 1, Borussia Monchengladbach 1, Hamburger SV 1, 1st FC Koln 1, First Vienna FC (Austria) 1, SC Rapid (Austria) 1, FC Schalke 04 1, VfB Leipzig 1, FC Kickers Offenbach 1.

L AUTERN
HE' TEAM

the *endspiels* on three other occasions but in the South Western Regional league they were champions five times in a row between 1947 and 1951 then after a one-season lapse took another five titles in a row from 1953 to 1957. Tragically, the *Bundesliga* came too late for Fritz Walter and so, too, did the resumption of the German FA Cup.

Abandoned in 1943 it was not started again until season 1952-53. In that year Fritz Walter was the country's top scorer as the tables show but as a whole the Cup based as it was on lines so similar to the championship with its end of season knock-out play-offs did not really gain popularity until later.

Outstanding qualities

One final comment will, perhaps, underline the outstanding qualities of the old 1st FC Kaiserslautern. In one league match played in the South West, Fritz Walter found himself alone in front of goal in an "open goal" situation when a high cross was floated in from the right.

All he had to do was nod the ball down to score, but Walter placed his hands on the ground and throwing his body up (and with his back to the goal) did a hand-stand. Then as he followed the hand-stand through and his legs went over ... he knocked the ball down into goal with his heels.

It was, of course, a flamboyant gesture, an unnecessary over-elaboration but in these days of *fighting football* when only results matter it is such memories of the old game that keep the optimists interested in the hope that some time, some how, soccer will take a few steps back and become an entertainment once more.

Gerd Muller in action for Bayern Munich.

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This man is larger than life

OF all British football managers, Dick Graham, boss of Watney Cup winners Colchester United, is the most predictably unpredictable. Totally in character, however, is the fact that he rolls up half an hour late for our interview; in keeping, not because he is anything but a courteous host, a keen listener and an even more enthusiastic talker, but simply because he was "detained" at the morning training session.

"Training and coaching are the most satisfying and rewarding aspects of the game. Or at least, they're the most enjoyable part of being a football manager. The background, the detail, the attention to tactics and the planning of new ideas is really exciting—no less so at a Fourth Division club like Colchester than any of the big clubs," says the man so many of whose so-called gimmicks of a decade ago and more are now part and parcel of the Football League scene.

Waiting for Graham, sitting in a tiny outer office in which all the usual football club paraphernalia of old programmes, travel sheets, and the rest take second place to the massive silver Watney Cup (temporarily parked on the secretary's desk until a permanent space for it can be prepared on the boardroom sideboard) one can only marvel at the recent achievements of Colchester United. A Fourth Division club beating Leeds United . . . surely such a happening could be related only to the realms of Roy of the Rovers.

Connections

But then came Luton Town, followed by Carlisle United. And after disposing of those two Second Division clubs, Colchester had gone to West Bromwich and beaten Don Howe's Albion. What an achievement — what a day for Dick Graham, whose initial connections with soccer administration were at The Hawthorns years earlier, when he served as trainer/coach under Vic Buckingham. Was it all real? Is Dick Graham a soccer sorcerer, or just a mortal, albeit anything but an "ordinary" mortal?

The train of thought is interrupted as the first of the Colchester players pants into Layer Road, hotfoot from the training ground. Not one of the Watney or Leeds heroes, but a perspiring apprentice. He disappears under the stand, emerging moments later clutching an electric kettle and promptly vanishes into the dressing rooms. Dick Graham is on his way. If he had done nothing else in his football career, he would be remembered as the game's most prolific tea-drinker.

Sure enough, when there's a cup of tea on the go, Dick cannot be far behind. And within a couple of minutes of his arrival he is sipping with obvious satisfaction before taking time out to chew over a few of the topics of the day with probably the 20th journalist of the day. Any such conversation—those conducted within the walls of Dick Graham's managerial office, at least—will be necessarily punctuated by calls from national or local newspapermen, directors, civic dignitaries worried about the last detail of the team's latest triumphant parade through the town.

Sensational success is getting to be a habit with Colchester United. The club had been at something of a low ebb when Graham arrived three years ago. But such a situation was nothing new. And subsequent success was not entirely a stranger, either. "As a professional," he remarks, "you have to enjoy success when it comes, but you can't afford to get carried away by it. You never know what is round the next corner in this game."

Dick remembers only too well the aftermath of last season's utterly remarkable FA Cup win over Leeds. That golden day was followed by a succession of sickening injuries, various upsets, a loss of impetus in a team which had apparently been hot-footing it towards promotion. Clearly, now that the Watney wonders were over, Dick didn't want the same sort of thing to interrupt the planning he had carefully made for the start of the bid to achieve a promotion place this season.

"This so-and-so computer has given us six away matches in the first nine," he complains. "It would have been hard enough without having to do so many away games at places where teams will be going like the clappers to prove that they're as good as the Watney Cup winners."

However skilled a tactician, however careful a planner, however forward-thinking a manager may be, Dick Graham is no less prone to footballing misfortunes and trials than anybody else. That's why he badly wants things to go well for his Colchester United men, who have made something of a rod for their own backs. After West Bromwich Albion, the only conceivable encore must be promotion at the very least.

"Winning—that's how success has to be measured," insists Dick. "The preparation counts for so much. I've always tried new ideas, hoping to out-plan and out-think the opposition. In fact, a few years ago I was called the original gimmick man. Thanks to some of the newspapers it ended up with people thinking I was some kind of a nut case, or at best, pretty eccentric."

The eccentricities which made such good copy for so many scribes included his instruction that the West Bromwich dressing rooms were to be redecorated in pastel shades, that a television should

On the Bosses

Number 1 Conducted by MARTIN ROGERS

DICK GRAHAM Colchester United

be installed for the players' use and flowers should help decorate the hitherto stark surroundings.

"And why not?" he says, a trifle defensively. "When I went to Russia with the Albion, their dressing rooms were like a lounge, with easy chairs, fruit, that sort of thing. Better that than that players should be herded into a stark barrack-room. But a lot of my ideas went a bit further than that."

Tactically, Dick has always been a forward thinker. But a lot of his ideas drew unfavourable comments from press and fans alike. His team selection announcements rarely give anything away. And as long ago as 1953, when the Hungarians had Billy Wright and company at sixes and sevens, Graham believed the numbering of players to be outmoded. When he took over his first managerial job at Crystal Palace he regularly shuffled the numbers and even to this day the fellow in his Colchester side who wears a number three shirt is as likely as not to pop up at centre-forward.

Classical

"I learned a lot from Vic Buckingham," acknowledges Graham. "He gave English football a lot more than he has been given credit for. He was in with the push-and-run era at Spurs. And when he was manager at West Bromwich we had probably the most classical footballing team in the country ... and a good bit of success with it, too. But he also gave me a free hand to try out my own ideas."

And Dick's ideas included various adaptations from other walks of life. He admits to have been a rebel about training methods when he was a player—a goalkeeper with Northampton Town whose career was curtailed by a back injury which still gives him trouble from time to time.

Consequently he always welcomes innovations. He saw a Chinese stick dance performed at a theatre, and decided to adapt his own version in training. The result: players' reactions were quickened, and they found themselves being encouraged to use their imagination. Dick Graham was also a pioneer in the use of the weight training methods of Bill Watson, and various other ideas which latterly became disseminated by numerous of his "students".

"Something like seven of the players who were with me at Albion are now managers. A lot of them demonstrated ideas I had devised, at Lilleshall and elsewhere. It makes me smile to think that so many of the methods employed today were probably used by me before almost anybody else," remarks Dick. If it amuses him in part, he is clearly a bit resentful about the sort of publicity his ideas once received.

"Many innovators in different fields, whether in football, or psychology or anything else, meet with opposition. At Albion, then at Palace, this sort of thing had me branded as a crank and it probably cost me the chance of being manager of a First Division club. Mind you, personal ambition is nowhere near as strong in me as in some managers. I haven't pushed myself as much as I might have done and very often I have put other people's interests above my own. Invariably when talking about the team, it's a matter of saying: 'We did this, and we did that.' Perhaps there should have been more of 'I did this or I planned that'."

'You never know what is round the corner'

For all that, Dick has been a sufficiently forceful personality in his own right to engage in some fairly dramatic contretemps with men in high places. A football club manager is "boss" and yet is answerable to a chairman or board of directors who probably don't know half as much about the game as the man they are employing.

Clashes are inevitable and Dick Graham has contributed to the post-war statistical toll of departing managers—sacked from Palace, whom he took from the Fourth Division to a high place in the Second, for example. And later, he parted company with Orient, this time because he had had enough of trying to run a League club on rather less than a shoestring.

Not that Colchester United, for all the recent ballyhoo, is a club flowing with milk and honey. Even now cash is tight and even success brings its attendant problems. But Dick Graham and Colchester are very much part of one another—so much so that one cannot give credence to those oft-quoted reports which suggest that the Greeks are ready to lure him with vastly lucrative contracts *et al*.

Why, Graham even managed to win the battle for power which blew up towards the end of last season when he clashed with the then chairman, Bill Graver. The town, or at least the club—the line of definition has been none too clear ever since Leeds were beaten—wasn't big enough for both of them. Yet it was the chairman who went and Dick Graham who stayed. That's a snippet of soccer history in itself. But then almost everything about this man is larger than life.

At Albion, gimmickry was seen to be rather more than a good story. At Selhurst Park he rode an early crisis of confidence—there was a faction among the playing staff which wanted him out almost before he had taken over the job vacated by Arthur Rowe—and helped nurture and build the beginnings of the side, (and club) which these days sits proudly in the First Division. At Orient he produced bright teenagers like Tommy Taylor and Dennis Rofe, conjured a team from nothing, all this in between doing 101 other jobs which didn't stop short of helping on the pitch or packing the skip.

Guarantee

The Colchester exploits have left almost all of it far behind. "There have been ups and downs. I never really wanted to become a manager in the first place but now it looks as if I'm stuck with it," grins this greying, slightly forbidding but still basically soft-centred man whose local rating is such that he could safely stand for Parliament and guarantee himself a seat at Westminster.

He's as tricky and tenacious an infighter, as shrewd a tactician, as any of the country's top politicians. He's durable, too. But it seems very much as if after his various roamings he has found himself a seat he likes a lot.

Workmen are taking down the temporary scaffolding which a few days earlier housed the cameras of the national television network. The Watney carnival is over. "When's the FA Cup?" enquires one of the workmen.

The saying around Layer Road is that Dick Graham's desk contains a special packet of tea, to be opened to celebrate the next big happening, whatever that might be.

Champagne, after all, is much too conventional.

ITALY TOP RANKINGS

ITALY, champions of Europe and beaten World Cup finalists in Mexico last year, rank No. 1 in an order of merit table based on all results in the European Football Championship (Nations Cup) since the tournament's inception in 1958.

Every match played in the competition, from its beginning 13 years ago to the most recent Championship Cup tie, Greece v. Malta on June 20, has been considered in compiling the 32-nation table.

The final positions are based on a percentage basis as certain countries have played more matches than others. The result is a list of rankings which EUFA will find interesting.

Leading countries

Not surprisingly, the four leading countries are the four European nations to have reached the last eight in Mexico—Italy, West Germany, England and Russia. All four will, barring the sensational, qualify for the finals of the current Henri Delaunay Cup to be decided next year.

Italy, winners against Yugoslavia on their own ground in the 1968 final, have lost only twice from 19 Cup ties in an event which has changed its name and its format since being introduced shortly after Brazil had won the World Cup in Sweden.

Of the ten leading countries, only one has failed to appear in the final of either the European or World Cups—Bulgaria.

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP CUP RANKINGS, 1958–71

		%	P	W	D	L	F	A
1	Italy	76.31	19	12	5	2	38	12
2	West Germany	75.00	8	5	2	1	16	3
3	England	73.33	15	10	2	3	32	13
4	Russia	71.73	23	15	3	5	45	20
5	Hungary	70.00	20	12	4	4	42	23
6	Bulgaria	69.44	18	11	3	4	31	18
7	Spain	67.50	20	12	3	5	38	14
8	Yugoslavia	62.00	25	13	5	7	43	25
9	Czechoslovakia	61.11	18	9	4	5	35	17
10	France	59.52	21	10	5	6	52	35
11	Portugal	58.82	17	9	2	6	26	22
12	Switzerland	58.33	12	6	2	4	28	18
13	Sweden	56.25	16	6	6	4	20	20
14	Belgium	53.57	14	7	1	6	26	14
15	East Germany	53.12	16	7	3	6	28	25
16	Scotland	50.00	10	4	2	4	11	14
17	Northern Ireland	46.15	13	5	2	6	15	13
18	Austria	43.33	15	5	3	7	24	28
19	Rumania	43.33	15	6	1	8	27	29
20	Holland	42.85	14	4	4	6	24	19
21	Poland	41.66	12	4	2	6	19	21
22	Greece	38.46	13	3	4	6	14	22
23	Wales	36.36	11	2	4	5	10	19
24	Denmark	34.78	23	6	4	13	31	48
25	Turkey	34.61	13	3	3	7	8	24
26	Eire	32.35	17	4	3	10	14	32
27	Albania	21.42	7	1	1	5	3	13
28	Luxembourg	20.00	15	1	4	10	10	41
29	Finland	15.00	10	0	3	7	6	21
30	Norway	14.28	14	1	2	11	15	36
31	Cyprus	9.09	11	1	0	10	5	44
32	Malta	6.25	8	0	1	7	4	24

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Gianni Rivera of Italy.

European Championship

GROUP 1

Czechoslovakia 1, Finland 1
Rumania 3, Finland 0
Wales 0, Rumania 0
Wales 1, Czechoslovakia 3
Czechoslovakia 1, Rumania 0
Finland 0, Wales 1
Finland 0, Czechoslovakia 4

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Czechoslovakia	4	3	1	0	9	2	7
Rumania	3	1	1	1	3	1	3
Wales	3	1	1	1	2	3	3
Finland	4	0	1	3	1	9	1

GROUP 2

Norway 1, Hungary 3
France 3, Norway 1
Bulgaria 1, Norway 1
Hungary 1, France 1
Hungary 0, Bulgaria 3
Norway 1, Bulgaria 4

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bulgaria	3	2	1	0	8	2	5
France	2	1	1	0	4	2	3
Hungary	3	1	1	1	4	5	3
Norway	4	0	1	3	4	11	1

GROUP 3

Malta 1, Greece 1
Greece 0, Switzerland 1
Malta 0, Switzerland 2
Malta 0, England 1
Switzerland 5, Malta 0
England 3, Greece 0
England 5, Malta 0
Switzerland 1, Greece 0
Greece 2, Malta 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Switzerland	4	4	0	0	9	1	8
England	3	3	0	0	9	0	6
Greece	5	1	1	3	3	4	5
Malta	6	0	1	5	2	15	1

GROUP 4

Spain 3, Northern Ireland 0
Cyprus 1, Russia 3
Cyprus 0, Northern Ireland 3
Northern Ireland 5, Cyprus 0
Cyprus 0, Spain 2
Russia 2, Spain 1
Russia 6, Cyprus 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Russia	3	3	0	0	11	3	6
Spain	3	2	0	1	4	2	4
Northern Ireland	3	2	0	1	8	3	4
Cyprus	5	0	0	5	2	19	0

GROUP 5

Denmark 0, Portugal 1
Scotland 1, Denmark 0
Belgium 2, Denmark 0
Belgium 3, Scotland 0
Belgium 3, Portugal 0
Portugal 2, Scotland 0
Portugal 5, Denmark 0
Denmark 1, Belgium 2
Denmark 1, Scotland 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Belgium	4	4	0	0	10	1	8
Portugal	4	3	0	1	8	3	6
Scotland	4	1	0	3	1	6	2
Denmark	6	1	0	5	2	11	2

GROUP 6

Eire 1, Sweden 1
Sweden 1, Eire 0
Austria 1, Italy 2
Italy 3, Eire 0
Eire 1, Italy 2
Sweden 1, Austria 0
Eire 1, Austria 4
Sweden 0, Italy 0
Austria 0, Sweden 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	4	3	1	0	7	2	7
Sweden	4	2	2	0	3	1	6
Austria	3	1	0	2	5	4	2
Eire	5	0	1	4	3	11	1

GROUP 7

Holland 1, Yugoslavia 1
Luxembourg 0, Yugoslavia 2
East Germany 1, Holland 0
Luxembourg 0, East Germany 5
Holland 6, Luxembourg 0
Yugoslavia 1, Holland 0
East Germany 2, Luxembourg 1
East Germany 1, Yugoslavia 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Yugoslavia	4	3	1	0	6	2	7
East Germany	4	3	0	1	9	3	6
Holland	4	1	1	2	7	3	3
Luxembourg	4	0	0	4	1	15	0

GROUP 8

Poland 3, Albania 0
West Germany 1, Turkey 1
Turkey 2, Albania 1
Albania 0, West Germany 1
Turkey 0, West Germany 3
Albania 1, Poland 1
West Germany 2, Albania 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
West Germany	4	3	1	0	7	1	7
Poland	2	1	1	0	4	1	3
Turkey	3	1	1	1	3	5	3
Albania	5	0	1	4	2	9	1

AS the battles for the European Championship are entering the final stages of the preliminary tournament, it is time to take stock of the proceedings so far and assess the probable outcome in the eight groups, whose winners will advance into the quarter-finals. Only four, out of the 32 participants, have yet to drop a single point: England, Switzerland, Russia and Belgium. Eleven countries are still unbeaten, while ten nations have already been eliminated. After 61 out of the 96 games have been played, the latest positions are as follows:

GROUP I

Czechoslovakia lead, four points ahead of **Rumania** and **Wales** who both have a game in hand. **Finland** are already out. Wales must visit both leaders and thus the direct meeting of the Czechs v. Rumanians will most likely decide the issue, on November 14 in Bucharest. Leading scorers: Jan Capkovic (CSR) three; Dumitrache (Rumania) and Karko (CSR) two each. Gate average 22,800.

Probable winner: *Czechoslovakia.*

GROUP II

Bulgaria are two points in front of **Hungary** and **France**, the latter having a match in hand. **Norway** are eliminated. Bulgaria have two tough away games to come, the Hungarians only one, but France could yet surprise them both. Leading scorers: Bonev (Bulgaria), Kocsis (Hungary) and Iversen (Norway) two each. Gate average 29,100.

Probable winner: *Bulgaria.*

GROUP III

Switzerland are two points clear of **England**, who played one game fewer, but both have won all their matches. **Greece and Malta** were dismissed early. The winner should emerge from the autumn clashes between the leaders, on October 13 in Basle and November 10 at Wembley. Leading scorers: Chivers (England) three; Lee (England), Müller, Quentin and Künzli (all Swiss) two each. Gate average 28,300.

Probable winner: *England.*

GROUP IV

Russia, two points ahead of **Northern Ireland** and **Spain**, have yet to concede a point, but face visits to both challengers. **Cyprus** had no chance here. If Russia survive the tricky fixture in Spain on October 27, they should clinch it. Leading scorers: Best (N. Ireland) four; Kolotov and Ewrjushishin (both Russia) three each. Gate average 38,100.

Probable winner: *Russia.*

GROUP V

Belgium, with four straight wins to their credit, hold a two-point advantage over **Portugal**, whilst **Scotland** and **Denmark** (the latter having completed their programme) are already out. Although they both have to travel to Scotland, the Portuguese and the Belgians will most likely settle the argument in the final game on November 21, in Portugal. Leading scorers: Devrindt (Belgium) four; Eusebio (Portugal) and Van Himst (Belgium) three each. Gate average 23,800.

Probable winner: *Belgium.*

GROUP VI

Italy are heading **Sweden** by one point, but their remaining matches are at home, where they have only been beaten once in the last ten years. The Swedes on the other hand must journey to **Austria** and ... Italy. Austria have only a slender mathematical chance, while the Republic of Ireland are eliminated. Leading scorers: De Sisti, Boninsegna and Prati (all Italy) two each. Gate average 31,000.

Probable winner: *Italy.*

GROUP VII

Yugoslavia are unbeaten and a point in front of **East Germany** whom they meet at home, in addition to entertaining **Luxembourg** who are already dismissed. **Holland** are virtually out, too, a sad reflection on a country which has provided the last two European Champions Cup winners. The East Germans who face two tough away ties are really up against it. Leading scorers: Kreische (East Germany) five; Dzaïc (Yugoslavia) three. Gate average 35,500.

Probable winner: *Yugoslavia.*

GROUP VIII

West Germany lead **Turkey** and **Poland** by four points, but the Poles have two games in hand, and are also unbeaten. **Albania** have been put out, while the Turks with two visits to make, will not prevent the leaders deciding this group between them. The winner should emerge after October 10 (in Warsaw) or November 17 when the return is staged in Germany. Leading scorers: Müller (West Germany) four; the other 12 goals were scored by 12 different players! Gate average 35,100.

Probable winner: *West Germany.*

Focus on Standard Liege by JACK ROLLIN

Hauss in favour of mobility...

FIGURES can be made to prove anything. And just such a case in point is the final League table for 1970–71 in the Belgian First Division. It states quite baldly that Standard Liege won the title with one point to spare.

The true story behind Standard's third successive success was vastly different. But for understandable easing up when the prize was already theirs, they could well have taken the championship with only one defeat against them.

And even that reverse was really a victory. This seeming paradox came about in the following circumstances. In a match against Antwerp they replaced Kostedde, one of their foreigners, with another, Petrovic. Unfortunately, though at no time in the match were there more than the statutory three foreigners on the field, they had used four during the course of the game and thus infringed the rules. The Belgian FA came down heavily on Standard and awarded the match 5-0 to Antwerp.

Relegation

By an odd irony this was enough to save Antwerp from relegation at the end of the season! Standard, who had beaten Antwerp 2-0, were really upset about the affair—and who could blame them? It might have affected their rhythm at the time.

Perhaps those who live by foreigners must also perish the same way, for Standard believe in getting the best players regardless of nationality, though overall it has done them more good than ill.

Even their manager, Rene Hauss, is French. Since he took over the reins he has had nothing but success. In three years he has taken the club to consecutive titles and at long last broken the domination of Belgian football exercised since the war by Anderlecht.

Hauss is proud of the fact that he weighs the same now as he did in 1948 and just as he has kept himself in good physical condition he has brought about success as a coach through hard work and application of the material he has secured and handled.

Almost the first tactical change he made on his appointment was to do away with the man-for-man marking of the defence and the use of a sweeper in favour of a zonal system for his four backs.

Mobility

But above all Hauss has given the side much more mobility and says that if the principle of "everyone in attack" and "everyone in defence" is maintained his system can have few flaws. Whatever failings it has they have not been exposed in Belgium because discounting the five goals added to their goals-against column, Standard conceded only 19 in 30 League games.

The fact that the goalkeeper and four members of the back division are all full internationals is no surprise. Standard actually had eight players in the Belgian World Cup party of 40 for Mexico last year and the only reason it was not more was that the other members of the senior squad were foreigners anyway....

The fair-haired Christian Piot is 23 and though a trifle showy is more than just a reliable last line of defence. His colleagues are also young men in their mid-20s.

Right-back Jacques Beurlet (26), centre-backs Nico Dewalque (26), Leon Jeck (24) and Jean Thissen (25) have formed a fine understanding between themselves and seem to have worked this zonal defence to perfection.

Yet the club is just as equally well served in midfield where Wilfried Van Moer is the general of the side. Only 26 years old he has become the natural successor to Paul Van Himst as the country's most gifted player. Not only can Van Moer split the tightest defence with telling distribution, but he can surprise even the most alert goalkeeper with a surprise, accurate shot.

Standard Liege manager Rene Hauss with former international Takac.

Defensive

He has excellent support from the Luxembourger Louis Pilot, who has been with Standard so long it seems that everyone has forgotten he is not Belgian. Pilot plays more of a defensive midfield role, frequently slotting into a defensive position when the need arises.

The normal striking force consists of Leon Semmeling, Henri Depireux, Erwin Kostedde and Rudolf Cvetler or Sylvestre Takac. Semmeling at 31 is the speed merchant on the right wing who gave a brilliant display for Standard in the friendly at Chelsea at the back end of last season. Semmeling can also "do a bit inside" which again gives them considerable strength in midfield.

Depireux likes to come deep for the ball, too, often coming through quickly to pierce the defence. Both Semmeling and Depireux were World Cup men in 1970.

Kostedde finished top scorer in

Blond defender Christian Piot.

Belgium last season with 26 of the club's 66 League goals. The son of a coloured GI and a German mother, he cost the club a £40,000 fee a couple of years ago. Only in his mid-20s, Kostedde prefers to finish with finesse.

Cvetler at 32 is something of a veteran winger who won a Cup Winners Cup medal with Slovan Bratislava in his native Czechoslovakia two years ago. But when Takac is fit, Cvetler has to take a back seat. Yugoslavian-born Takac was signed two years ago from Stade Rennes and is a tricky little customer who again can scheme and also move cleverly into a striking position.

Standard's foreign legion has been added to in the summer with the acquisition of two Scandinavians. Both Swedes, they will further strengthen the team and make senior places even more difficult to gain.

Expense

The more well known of the two is Tommy Svensson (26), who was in the Swedish World Cup side and was signed from Osters. A clever midfield player, he is expected to win a senior place—but at the expense of whom? The other is Bengt Johansson, a 25-year-old forward, big and strong with three full caps despite being signed from a Second Division club, Saab.

Their senior squad is completed by the little right-back, Dolmans, who displaced Beurlet for many games last season. Petrovic, the 23-year-old Yugoslav who operates in attack on the left, and 20-year-old Henrotay, a local forward who has made the most of limited opportunities in the first team.

Probably Standard will have to unload someone before the new term commences but whatever happens, Hauss will have a more than average team at his disposal.

Stop press: Standard have transferred Kostedde and Petrovic to Offenbach Kickers in the German South Regional League!

MALAGA FC PRESIDENT MURDERED

THREE hours before the draw for Spain's most famous summer competition, The Costa Del So Trophy, the organising chairman, Don Antonio Rodriguez Lopez, 37-year-old president of Malaga C de F (First Division) was murdered in front of his villa in Torremolinos.

Several times during the last month Señor Rodriguez had received threatening telephone calls demanding £30,000 ... and local police mounted guard on his house and businesses. On the day of his death he left the chalet, "Villa Mercedes", at five o'clock, waved to the police watchers and drove off in his "open" Ferrari Coupe.

Fifty yards from his house was a patch of bad road which necessitated slowing to crawling pace. It was at this point that his assailant, hidden by the roadside, jumped into the car and stabbed him three times with an Italian-type stiletto. Before collapsing, Don Antonio grabbed a gun he had been advised to carry and fired five shots at his attacker.

Commercial traveller

Neighbouring witnesses called the ambulance, but the Malaga president was dead before he arrived at the hospital only one mile away. The murderer, Mariano Cerezo (27), commercial traveller from Murcia, died five hours later after an operation lasting three hours. An autopsy revealed that Don Antonio died from a stab "which entered the heart".

There is no known motive for the murder. Antonio Rodriquez always said: "I know nothing about football ... that's why I have technical advisers." Yet during his two seasons in office he has been Malaga's most successful president.

When he succeeded D. Juan Moreno in October, 1969, he said: "We are going to get rid of our 'up one season down the next' reputation. We shall go up this season and stay there." And they did just that.

Under his direction Malaga signed the Argentine goalscoring half-back Humberto Viberti for a song (they later refused £150,000 and three players for his transfer), increased their membership by 500 per cent, started construction plans on a new 75,000 capacity ground and last season, with two more Argentine signings, Vilanova and Yurala, became the best team outside the Big Six.

Medwin favourite

TERRY MEDWIN, last capped by Wales in 1962 against Hungary, is favourite to take over from Jack Jones as Welsh team trainer. But he has a rival—Ipswich coach Cyril Lea.

Jones, Welsh trainer since 1948, bowed out after the European Championship Cup tie against Finland in Helsinki at the end of last season.

Medwin, Bill Dodgin's lieutenant at Fulham, went on the Welsh FA tour of New Zealand in July and has now been appointed trainer for the return match against the Finns, at Swansea this month (September).

The appointment, however, is for that game only. No announcement has been made by the Welsh FA as to who does the job for the matches in Czechoslovakia next month (October) and in Rumania in November.

Lea, who gained his one cap in Belfast six years ago, has been asked to do the trainer's job for the Under-23 International against England in early December.

Wales have turned down an invitation from Malta to play home-and-away matches this season. "Our commitments are such that it was just impossible to fit the games in," said secretary Trevor Morris.

But what Wales have found room for is a match against the West German Olympic team, an amateur representative fixture provisionally scheduled for Ninian Park in January.

Illegal entry attempt by Ponce

TWO years after their decree that diplomatically settled the sensational Paraguay-Argentine "Illegal Signings" scandal, the Spanish Ministry of Sport and Physical Education extended, sine die, the playing permits of the players concerned.

Forty-eight hours after this generous ministerial concession Spain was again shaken by the discovery of another illegal signing attempt. This time Atletico Madrid were the intended victims.

D. Epifanio Rojas who, since Spain banned intermediaries, calls himself a club representative, brought a group of South American players, allegedly with Spanish parents, to hawk round the Spanish clubs.

Among them was Hector Ramon Ponce, an extremely promising 23-year-old winger who Alfred Di Stefano promoted from the amateur section to the League side when he became manager of Boca Juniors. Atletico Madrid offered Ponce a trial in a friendly game against ADO Holland and the player created such an impression that manager Marcel Domingo was convinced that at last his two-year search for an outside-right was ended.

Circumstances held up the signing for several days (*Atletico were, in fact, checking*) which in spite of knowing his trial was spectacularly successful, caused Ponce to become nervous and alarmed. (*With reason as we shall see.*) "I'm tired of waiting, if Atletico want me they must decide quickly, I have several offers in Argentine, I'll play in no more trials, etc., etc.," were the kind of indiscreet comments he made to newspaper reporters.

Two days later, his release papers, passport, documents and "No International" certificate apparently in order, Atletico offered Ponce a three-year contract which he eagerly signed. No signing fee was announced *or paid* although rumour has it that Atletico agreed to pay Boca Juniors £18,000.

Future internationals

The "No International" certificate—the vital condition insisted upon by the Ministries of Sport, Work and Immigration, as well as the Football Federation—was written on May 31 by Luis J. A. Rivas, technical secretary to the Argentine FA, and addressed to the president of Boca Juniors. It stated "... we have confirmed with the technical director of the Argentine FA's international teams, D. Juan a Pizzuti, that Hector Ramon Ponce has never played in a representative national team ... and has only formed part of a juvenile group that was being prepared for future internationals. ..." This document was officially issued from the Argentine FA, Via Monte, Buenos Aires ... signed and countersigned.

So far so good. Ponce was excited and naturally gave a press interview, with Rojas closely by his side, expressing the usual blah and career details. During that interview—Atletico directors were present—Ponce was casually asked where his parents were born. He replied rather hesitantly: "The truth is I don't remember." Rojas quickly intervened and said: "They're from Galicia ... everyone in Buenos Aires comes from Galicia or Italy."

Phoney documents

Curious! The player didn't know where his parents came from ... but the intermediary did. Or did he? Galicia's a big province. It was that simple inconsistency which started the alarm ... and recalled the falsification, the phoney documents and the illegal signings of the Paraguayan affair two years before.

Cables flashed to Press archives in Buenos Aires and within hours came detailed reports. Hector Ponce was born on July 5, 1948, incorporated in Boca Juniors juvenile and amateur nursery teams at La Candela in 1965, played for Argentine in the Pan American Games at Winnipeg in 1967 against Mexico (July 24), Colombia (July 26) and in the second half against Trinidad and Tobago on July 28 and in Mar del Plata against South Korea in 1970.

That message left no doubt. Ponce WAS an international ... and the Argentine FA's certificate was incorrect, to say the least.

Questioned immediately Ponce, excitedly and indignantly, repudiated most of the information. "I have never played in a juvenile international for Argentine. Never. Nor in any other category. That information is false, erroneous, a mistake."

Two days later—as he had previously planned—Hector Ponce left Madrid for home. (Rojas had left before him "to get this thing sorted out".) At Buenos Aires airport, the end of a journey that failed, Ponce told waiting reporters that he had been enthusiastically and kindly received in Madrid and had signed a contract with Atletico "*but it's doubtful whether it will be confirmed because of the juvenile international games I played for Argentine*".

Denial in Madrid ... confession in Buenos Aires!

There was no possible excuse or extenuating circumstance for this blatant "irregularity". Spanish regulations and the interpretation and concept of an international was sent specifically to both the Paraguayan and Argentine FAs after the 1969 affair. FIFA circulated all other associations. And in any case the previous scandal received volumes of publicity in all South American countries. Yet this obviously planned attempt—involving at least a dozen people—was made to foist an illegal and unqualified player on Atletico Madrid.

Technical director

The player attempted to deceive for he clearly knew he had played in international matches. The intermediary knew ... it was his place to find out before bringing a player on a 1,000 miles journey as a catspaw. Boca Juniors president and secretary cannot escape censure for all clubs know which of their nursery players were selected for international honours. The Argentine selectors, D. Juan Jimenez and D. Alejandro Scopelli, selected Ponce for Winnipeg and South Korea and technical director D. Juan Pizzuti approved their choice and passed it on to the Argentine FA's executive committee.

The big question is: How long are the Spanish Football Federation going to wait before they take the most drastic steps to protect their clubs from this kind of fraud? How long is the Ministry of Sport going to wait?

And from the club point of view. When are they going to stop bothering with these South American (pardon me) stars, mainly Paraguayan and Argentinian with allegedly Spanish parents. They just are not worthwhile. Of the 122 who have infiltrated into the game here during the last five years only 25 are good enough to sign for First Division clubs, of which 15 hold regular places. Only two have ever reached Kubala's top 50 international squad. Which means that around 100 very mediocre "foreigners" are keeping promising home-born Spaniards out of the first-class game.

Inter buy Ghio from Napoli...

by PHILIP EVANS

LEAST active on the Italian transfer market, inevitably, were the two most confident of club sides. Inter purchased Ghio from Napoli and will use him either as an attacking winger or an attacking midfield player. And Juventus bought Carmignani from Varese, possibly the best of the younger Italian goalkeepers. The moderation of these two sides suggests that both could fight it out for next year's *scudetto*.

Fiorentina went berserk. They managed to withstand pressure to sell their established stars, and given that they were not eager to retain the services of Vitali, bought Verona's only class player, the Brazilian Clerici. They also picked up a full-back, and heaven knows they have needed one for the past two seasons —Scala from Lanerossi Vicenza, really a midfield player, but adaptable.

And the Tuscan club made the best deal, in my eyes, of the whole sordid "Gallia" affair (*see page 25*) by borrowing from Lazio for one year and at the cut-price of ten million lire, Ferruccio Mazzola, a most useful little midfield player on firmer grounds.

Midfield

Cagliari, in addition to their purchase of Vitali, acquired the service sof Poletti, the Torino back and Italian international. Tough player, Poletti, just the kind to appeal to Scopigno. But they look long-toothed in midfield with Cera, Domenghini and Nene.

Napoli sold Bianchi to Atalanta, in compensation reacquired Montefusco, whom they had sold *in comproprietà* to Foggia. They would have been a better club had both players been on their books. They also bought from Fiorentina, Macchi, nephew to and carbon-copy of Chiarugi. He may well be one to watch. I was very impressed when I saw him play early last season. Galvanically fast and neat in front of goal.

Bologna played it tight, dictated by their financial position, obviously optimistic that Liguori has recovered from injury. But they did persuade Juventus to part with Fausto Landini, the young lad who went from Rome to Juve last summer as part of the famous package deal involving Spinosi and Capello.

Milan were the real heavyweights of the market, reinforcing all departments. Sabadini from Sampdoria as full-back, a good buy. Sogliano from Varese, to play in midfield and allow Benetti to spend more time in attack. Bigon as centre-forward. Who? Bigon, Albertino, aged 23, scorer of seven goals in last season's championship while playing for Foggia. Seven goals? Seven goals. And that makes him a star centre-forward? It appears so. You're kidding? I'm not; maybe Bigon will. *Speriamo nei gol di Bigon*, said Nereo Rocco, let us hope for some goals from Bigon. That for me sums up what the whole thing is about. Milan valued Bigon at 400 million lire. *Incredible, no?*

Luis Suarez of Salvadore.

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DREAM IS JUST A HOP AWAY..

Australian news by ANDREW DETTRE

AUSTRALIA'S World Cup bid may begin either later this year or some time in 1972 — probably long before most European countries even name their squads. Our first task is to eliminate New Zealand in a straight duel before joining one of the Asian groups. If negotiations with the neighbouring Kiwis are fruitful, the two matches, one in Sydney and one in Auckland or Wellington, may be staged pretty soon.

The real headaches will start only after, when Australia (once they cleared the New Zealand hurdle) may have to travel to Djakarta, Bombay or some other place to play in a tournament. There are moves afoot to stage this tournament in Melbourne and Sydney but in order to be successful, the co-operation of the Asian teams concerned will also be needed.

Even at this very early stage it seems that the Asia-Oceania representative to the 1974 World Cup finals will come from the Israel-Australia-South Korea-Japan quartet. A great deal will depend on the venues for the various tournaments, the time of the year the matches are played and some other factors.

Success

It can be safely predicted that of this foursome Israel and Korea will be the best prepared. Japan traditionally concentrates more on the Olympics than World Cups; Coubertin's ideals have deep roots there. Australia's success or failure depends very much on ourselves.

In the heterogenous mess that passes for Australian soccer, State and club interests usually take precedence over the national team's welfare. If this ancient pagan tribal cult is again allowed to impede Australia's World Cup preparations, we will again fail, as we did in 1965 and 1969. Otherwise Australia is in with a very definite chance. But more about this later.

Invaded

At present, Sydney soccer is more preoccupied with its own domestic problems than with global affairs. Early in July at a first division match, some Greek spectators invaded a field. The referee, Englishman Peter Rampley, escaped serious harm only because the 22 players surrounded him and somehow managed to keep the raving mob away.

The incident has triggered off many bitter disputes, opened many old wounds and, generally, has thrown Sydney soccer into convulsion. The club of the offending spectators, Pan Hellenic, were penalised eight competition points, a dubious decision at the best of times. In this case it is even illogical: Pan Hellenic were the visiting team. Of course, everybody agrees that these disturbances should be stamped out somehow. The deduction of hard-earned points doesn't seem to be the solution.

In the wake of the hectic events, two of the five members of the NSW Executive, president Frank Parsons, a former Australian international, and Jim Bayutti have resigned. Parsons, a headmaster in a suburban State school, quit after anonymous phone calls to his house threatened the safety of his family. Quite often lunacy creeps into sport; this time sport crept into lunacy....

Engagements

Meanwhile, the Australian Federation is anxious to secure as many international engagements as possible for the national team.

In October Australia will take part in the first Oceania Cup, held in New Caledonia. In November Israel is almost certain to play a series of matches here, some of them full internationals. Next February the Hungarian national side may pay a visit, now once again under the tough management of Rudolf Illovszky, recalled from his peaceful Greek sojourn. Next May or June it may be either Manchester United or another crack English team that will undertake the almost traditional off-season tour of Down Under.

Undefeated

In the NSW championship, with five rounds to go, Hakoah appear to have an unassailable lead and an undefeated record. Coached by former Sunderland player Charlie Fleming, Hakoah have had a remarkable season so far. Their closest pursuers are once again St. George-Budapest.

These two are undoubtedly Australia's top two teams; players selected from them into one team would beat the pants off a "Rest of Australia" side. The Saints have not been quite able to reproduce their earlier form which last March won them the Tokyo International tournament. As one of their fans remarked sadly: "Our team is for export only..."

Not just the style but also the thin blond hair is reminiscent of Bobby Charlton. Actually, it is Sydney star Brian Smith having a crack at goal in a recent league match.

Something for everyone this month

by JACK ROLLIN and MARK PARSONS

FOOTBALL books worthy of retention being small in number, the annual arrival of the **World Football Handbook 1972**, compiled by **Brian Glanville** and published by **Mayflower** at **35p**, is welcomed as part of the more informed soccer scene.

The formula is the tried and tested one which covers the European and South American spheres as well as domestic matters. But as a record of what has gone on during the previous 12 months, it is an invaluable addition to the enthusiast's library.

In the mass of statistics there is informed reading material which, blended together, represents a worthwhile contribution to any sportsman's bookshelf.

Illustrated

The European scene is also featured in **Bobby Charlton's Book of European Football No. 3**, which comes from the same **Souvenir Press** stable at **£1** as the International Football Book.

Well illustrated it, too, follows traditional if different lines and has contributions from Bobby himself, Pietro Anastasi, the world's most expensive transfer, Frank McLintock and Bobby Moncur, to name but a few.

Bobby Moncur also features in **United We Stand**—as the author, incidentally—a book which describes his own rise to fame as a player with Newcastle and his and the club's exploits in Europe. He writes the book in conjunction with the well-known north-east scribe **John Gibson** and this **Pelham** book costs **£1.90.**

Eric Thornton has penned three books in just over two years. Following **Manchester City, Meredith to Mercer** and **Leeds United and Don Revie** comes **Manchester United, Barson to Busby.**

Published again by **Robert Hale,** this time at **£1,50,** the new book, which is well illustrated, tells the thrilling story of the famous Old Trafford club from its very beginnings in 1885, tracing a crazy, heartbreak trail from a "scrapyard" pitch and pub changing rooms to the intoxicating eminence of European champions.

They were almost down and out at the start after winning a farthing damages in the High Court, then twice faced bankruptcy, and players' suits were in pawn when the bank refused Christmas wages.

Came Five Black Years, they just escaped dropping into the Third Division, and then everything changed. And all because Company Sgt.-Major-Instructor Matthew Busby came out of the Army and took charge.

He built a new team, triumphed in Cup and League four times in ten years, and was poised for glittering success in Europe when a night plane from behind the Iron Curtain crashed in the snows of Munich, claiming the lives of more than half the team.

But Busby came back from hospital, won that European trophy, was knighted, stepped down in favour of one of his own Babes, Wilf McGuinness, then resumed the old job when the luck went against the youngster until Frank O'Farrell finally arrived as new boss.

WITH almost the same coincidence that is revealed in the best scripted dramas, Jon Sammels is transferred from Arsenal to Leicester City at the same time that the book which he wrote in conjunction with Bob Oxby of *The Daily Telegraph*, Double Champions, Playing the Arsenal Way (*Arthur Barker, £1.75*) is published.

Even more fortunately prophetic is the front cover which has merely one name on it—that of Arsenal manager, Bertie Mee, who contributes the foreword. Such things aside, the book takes predictable lines, following the "How I began" bit with anecdotes from behind the scenes at Highbury and a look at some of the personal idiosyncrasies.

Sammels, alas, was ultimately to hold only a watching brief in the excitement and the last sentence in the book reveals the understandably heartbreaking situation which must have confronted him at the vital moment: "Suddenly, I was not Jon Sammels, of Arsenal FC, but Jon Sammels, professional footballer. It's a good thing to be."

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THAT LEFT F
IS TREMEND

CONSISTENT goalscorers have been hard to find in Italy since the introduction of the *catenaccio* defensive tactics in the early 1950s but in spite of two broken legs US Cagliari's left-winger Luigi Riva comes as close to being a human cannon as is possible. Almost everywhere else in the world his combination of talents —speed, courage, intelligent running, a powerful left foot and an ability to find the net with glancing headers— would bring him a regular 30 to 40 goals a season. But in Italy, where defence reigns supreme and all the likely scorers are always "double-marked", Riva's qualities have brought him 100 First Division goals ... even if they have taken him seven seasons to accumulate.

If this seems an inordinately long time, even for such an outstanding player, it must be remembered that in his first four seasons in the top class (*Serie A* in Italy) US Cagliari were hardly fashionable, certainly not wealthy and no match for the millionaire clubs of Milano and Torino—AC Milan, FC Internazionale and Juventus.

It must also be realised that in addition to the minor knocks which all the big stars attract to make them hobble through some games and miss others altogether, Gigi Riva has also sustained two broken legs that have kept him inactive for very long periods of time.

Bargain

Born in a tiny village near Stresa, Riva's first club was Third Division Legnano and it was while with them that he first attracted the attention of Cagliari. One of their directors, Signor Andrea Arrica, the self-appointed "chief recruiting officer", recently recounted how he came to obtain Riva's services for what was to prove a bargain price.

At the time, Riva was 17 years old and while he was playing for the Italian Youth team in a match against Spain, Signor Arrica sought out the Legnano president. "This was in 1963," recalls Signor Arrica, "and in the first half Riva looked a poor player. At half-time, during the interval I approached the Legnano president and offered him a cheque for 34 million lire (around £22,000). He signed without hesitation—and in the second half Riva scored two fine goals."

Campaign

Riva's first campaign with Cagliari was in 1963–64, helping them out of Division II and into the top class. Cagliari were not particularly welcome, for playing as they do in the island of Sardinia, travel from the mainland for league games is not only time consuming but can also be unpleasant.

To the surprise of most people Cagliari not only held their own to stay in or around the middle of the table—but finally went even further when, in season 1969–70 they finally won the *Serie A* championship to take the Italian league trophy out of Italy proper for the first time in history!

Inevitably it took Luigi and his new club time to settle in the top class, but he improved steadily and his scoring powers increased. As they improved his tally mounted—nine goals in 1964–65; 11 in 1965–66 and, in 1966–67, when most of Italy was still feeling the effects of the "Korea" disaster which befell them in the 1966 World Cup, Riva's 18 league goals was more than any other player could muster to give him top place in the goalscorers' list.

By this time, Riva was not only a very marked man on the field but also keenly sought off it. All the big clubs were after him with Juventus offering no less than £600,000 if Cagliari would release him. Though not a native of the island, Riva was by this time the idol of all Sardinia and it was said that the government "autonomous" within the framework of the Italian State, would fall if Cagliari agreed.

LUIGI RIVA.

Very wisely Cagliari declined what would have been a world record transfer fee but the following season Riva had hit only 13 goals when he sustained a broken leg playing for Italy in a friendly match against Portugal. Though usually lining up at outside-left and wearing the number 11 shirt, Riva wore a number 9 that day and it is said has declined to do so again ever since.

Replay

In the autumn of 1968, however, Riva was back to his dangerous best—on his way to the 20-goal mark; spearheading Cagliari's drive into third place in the league table and at the end of the season playing a vital role in helping Italy win the European Nations Cup. Though Prati of AC Milan was preferred for the semi-final (against Russia) and the Final a 1-1 draw after extra time with Yugoslavia, he came in for the replay to score the opening goal after 12 minutes and put the *squadra Azzura* on to the right road for a 2-0 win.

Marksman

This was the turning point for the Italian national team, their first major trophy for 30 years—while Riva was for the second time the top Division I marksman.

The 1969–70 campaign was the most spectacular period of Riva's career to date for he not only retained the top scorer's position (with 21 league goals) but also played a vital part in Cagliari lifting the league championship before going to Mexico for the 1970 World Cup.

T FOOT
N DOUS

LUIGI RIVA

Player Portrait

by ERIC BATTY

By this time Riva was already known across the world — in Italy he had topped a public opinion poll to find the best known figure in Italy; a poll which placed Riva first, Sophia Loren second and the Italian State President third—but Riva's goal-scoring feats in Italy's World Cup qualifying matches and the £600,000 label given him by Juventus had splashed his name in the newspapers of every soccer-playing country.

During the 1970 World Cup Riva was to display all his considerable skills but though he played a vital part in helping Italy reach the Final he could not manage to score more than three goals. In six matches this seems a very poor figure compared with that of the German star Gerd Muller, who hit ten goals, but there were two equally important reasons that combined to bring down Riva's scoring rate.

Isolated

The first was his fame which persuaded almost every team they played against to put two men on his back (sometimes three) and the other was the Italian tactics. By sticking to their two-up defensive policy, the Italians made it easy for their opponents to gang up on Riva and also isolated him from the support of colleagues. Inevitably, though Riva got through a tremendous amount of "positive running" and frequently broke clear of his shadows . . . he seldom got the ball.

This was never more apparent than in the qualifying round game against Sweden at Toluca which Italy won 1-0 with a goal from Domenghini. Leading early on the Italians were clearly playing "to orders" and though Riva repeatedly broke free he never got a decent ball. This was so marked in the first half that during the interval I stood up to stretch my legs and said to Lev Filatov (Russia's football man from *Sovietski Sport*): "Riva has done more for Italy in this first half than the whole of the Italian navy did in the 1939-45 war." Of course, it was an exaggeration—but not too much.

When Riva was given the opportunity to show what he could do the effect was tremendous. With the play building up in midfield Riva feinted to move left (from the middle) to throw off his first shadow Diaz and then, through sheer speed broke clear of his "second cover" Guzman and there for once was the ball as he made his dash from left to right — just where he wanted it, rolling alongside him.

Pena, the Mexican free-back, moved across and suddenly producing an extra yard of pace, Riva was clear. On the edge of the penalty area Mexican arms reached out trying to grab his shirt but they were too far away and too late. Riva scored with a rasping shot; struck with his left foot, hard and high to the goalkeeper's right hand.

Deceptive

What makes Riva particularly hard to hold is his deceptive change of pace. He can be moving at what appears to be top speed and as fast as any man afield, yet at the vital moment he seems able to slip into a fifth gear that no one else has. This extra burst over four or five yards is critically important as was clearly demonstrated in the semi-final against West Germany.

With the score at 2-2 in extra time Riva was near the half-way line and tightly marked by Vogts. Shuffling away towards goal as Domenghini brought the ball towards him in midfield, Riva suddenly checked and sprinted back to pick up a pass aimed at his feet. With Vogts hard on his back, Riva *screened* the ball with his body as he turned and with his terrific acceleration was gone.

Vogts was barely half a stride behind and as he "set himself" for a sliding tackle Riva suddenly slipped into his over-drive and was gone. It now looked like a 50-50 ball between Riva and the German *libero* Schulz but once more it was the Italian's tremendous acceleration, suddenly and deceptively produced, that enabled him to break clear. Just inside the penalty area a little left of centre Riva let go with his mighty left foot and Italy were 3-2 with a cross shot that went "in off" the far post.

In the sense that the public loves to see goals then Riva is certainly an entertainer but having said this—in the fullest sense he is not an artist. Yet his contribution to the Italian game is enormous and could be even greater with more support and encouragement.

To me he moves like a super-charged tank with a very heavy and accurate cannon in his left boot. Never an entertainer, certainly not an artist, more of an executioner. But what an axe he has —and how he wields it!

Ghana exit surprising

IF Morocco stole the African's share of the limelight in the last World Cup, when they came as close as England did to beating West Germany, for sheer consistency Ghana have always been reckoned among the best teams on the African continent. So their elimination from the latest African Nations Cup was a major surprise, proving once again that even in Africa the balance of power can shift dramatically.

Ghana won this competition in 1963 and 1965, and twice finished runners-up, in 1967 and 1969. Their performances in the African Clubs Cup were equally impressive, and included a victory as recently as 1970.

All the more surprising, therefore, that Togo should eliminate Ghana, especially after the Ghanaians had achieved a goalless draw in the first leg at Lome. But Togo travelled to Accra with high morale, kept the scoresheet blank until the end of 90 minutes, and snatched victory with a goal in extra time.

A lot of the credit must go to Togo's coach, the West German Goeller Gotleib, who has added a new dimension in tactics and greatly increased his players' stamina. Boevi Lawson, Tommy Sylvestre and Herman Ressort are already among the outstanding footballers on the Continent, and they lack only experience in major competition to make a real challenge for the title.

Morocco, meanwhile, despite an unpleasant surprise in the second leg of their tie against the United Arab Republic, which they lost 3-2, remain among the strong favourites for the competition. With players like Moulay Idriss in defence, Maaroufi and Filal in midfield, Bamous in attack, they have already shown they can hold their own with the world's best.

Equalised

All Morocco lack is their coach of Mexico, Yugoslav Blagofev Vidinic, who has just been appointed to a similar post with Congo-Kinshasha. But his predecessor, Lucien Ndala, must take the credit of leading them to a place in the finals at the expense of Zambia. The first match, watched by 30,000 at Ndola, ended 2-1 in Zambia's favour. They scored first through Stephenson, Kakoko immediately equalised, and Mhanho got the decisive goal three minutes from time.

Decisive, that is, only in the context of the match, for in the return at Kinshasha some three weeks later Zambia were always outplayed. An even bigger crowd, more than 40,000, saw them take the lead through Kemba after 18 minutes to level the tie, go ahead on aggregate midway through the second half, again through Kemba, and administer the coup de grace in the final seconds.

Pierre Kalala, recalling Congo-Kinshasha's victory in the competition back in 1967, warned that "qualification was not a success, just a stepping-stone, and that it would take a great deal of thorough preparation before Kinshasha could regain her crown". No doubt Vidinic will provide just that, and he has plenty of talent to mould — the dazzlingly acrobatic goalkeeper, Kazadi; Katumba, a resourceful and experienced full-back; and Kapata, a young forward of high promise.

Another Congolese team, Congo-Brazzaville, also reached the last eight — beating the Ivory Coast 4-3 on aggregate. When one considers that in Laurent Pokou the Ivory Coast had the top scorer of the previous finals, and virtually the same team, then evidently Brazzaville must be a side to be reckoned with. Their coach, Michel Oba, is largely unknown outside Africa, but he has several useful players at his disposal — notably Mayanda, Jadot and Mbemba Moustique.

Advantage

But their best player, at least on recent form, is undoubtedly the aptly named M'Pele, who made a major contribution to their qualification. The Ivory Coast won the first leg at Abidjan 3-2, giving them a psychological advantage, for with the away goals rule in operation, Brazzaville could not afford to concede a single goal at home.

Nor did they. With 30,000 fanatical supporters behind them, not to mention their current president, Marien Ngouabi, Brazzaville won by two goals to nil. The first came exactly on the half-hour from M'Pele, a superb cross shot to the far corner, and the second after 63 minutes. This time the scorer was Moukila, but the clinching pass was again provided by M'Pele. The Ivory Coast players took the prospect of defeat badly, began to lash out indiscriminately with fists and boots, and the Gabon referee warned their captain that unless their conduct improved he would send the whole team off.

On the same day thousands of miles away in Port Louis, Mauritius, a name you see only on rare occasions on the football map, did extremely well to hold Kenya to a goalless draw. But it still was not enough to save them from overall defeat, because the Kenyans had won

OLYMPIC QUALIFYING TOURNAMENT

Group One:			
United Arab Republic v. Tunisia	0-3	2-0	Tunisia
Algeria v. Mali	0-1	2-2	Mali
Niger v. Morocco	2-5	1-5	Morocco
Group Two:			
Guinea v. Togo	1-1	4-5	Togo
Liberia v. Ghana	1-2	0-1	Ghana
Senegal v. Nigeria	1-1	2-1	Senegal
Cameroons v. Gabon	3-2	w/o	Cameroons
Group Three:			
Uganda v. Sudan	0-4	1-1	Sudan
Madagascar v. Malawi	2-1	4-2	Madagascar
Zambia v. Ethiopia	3-6	0-1	Ethiopia

AFRICAN NATIONS' CUP, 1970-71

Sudan (holders) a bye					Sudan
Morocco	1	3	Morocco	3 2	Morocco
Algeria	3	0			
U.A.R.	1	2	U.A.R.	0 3	
Libya	0	1			
Congo-Kinshasha	4	1	Congo-Kinshasha	1 3	Congo-Kinshasha
Uganda	1	0			
Tanzania	1	2	Zambia	2 0	
Zambia	1	5			
Ethiopia*	0	0	Kenya	2 0	Kenya
Kenya	2	1			
Mauritius	1	4	Mauritius	1 0	
Malagasy	2	1			
Senegal	0	0	Guinea	0 1	Mali
Guinea	1	0			
Mali	1	3	Mali	0 3	
Niger	0	1			
Upper Volta	scr.		Ghana	0 0	Togo
Ghana	w/o				
Togo	2	0	Togo	0 1	
Dahomey	1	0			
Nigeria	0	1	Congo-Brazzaville	2 2	Congo-Brazzaville
Congo-Brazzaville	0	2			
Gabon	1	0	Ivory Coast	3 0	
Ivory Coast	2	1			
Cameroons (hosts for finals) a bye					Cameroons

*second leg abandoned, tie awarded to Kenya

scr. scratched, w/o walkover. The remaining eight teams play off in the finals.

International Post-Mortem by Roger Macdonald

the first leg by 2-1, and always seemed to have enough in hand to take the tie. The match was conducted without any sort of incident, much to Kenya's evident relief, for since their confrontation with a howling mob in the previous round against Ethiopia in Addis Ababa, they have always regarded trips abroad with misgivings.

Kenya cannot be considered serious candidates for the championship, despite the ferocious energy of their German coach — a curious coincidence, I am assured, that so many of these coaches should be German—Krautzen Eckhard. But the team is extremely fit, and has two players of unusually high standard: centre-forward Livingston Madegwa and centre-half Johathan Niva.

History

The dark horses of the competition are undoubtedly Mali, who for the first time in their 11-year history as a separate footballing nation, have reached the finals of the African Cup. They were helped, it is true, by the draw, which at long last kept them apart from the Ivory Coast, who have knocked them out time after time. Instead they played Niger, winning 1-0 in Namey and 3-1 at Bamako, then put paid to Guinea.

A measure of this achievement was the fact that Guinea had beaten teams from Mali consistently for nearly 20 years, but this time Mali had their measure. After a goalless draw at Conakry, they faced Guinea in front of 42,000 spectators in the national stadium at Bamako. With the temperature at an incredible 34° C, it took them just four minutes to break the deadlock, before Moussa Traore scored a magnificent goal, cutting in from his normal position at outside-left to catch the Guinea defenders unawares.

Baboroba Touré, until recently a professional with Nantes, organised his team superbly, and two minutes later he was the architect of their second goal. Touré split the defence with a long, curling pass, allowing Mady Keita to steal in on the blind side and score.

Two-goal

Mali's confidence was shaken shortly afetr half-time, when N'Jolea, the 19-year-old Guinea centre-forward, reduced their lead to 2-1. Tollo put over a difficult high centre which deceived Mamadou Keita in the Mali goal, and N'Jolea scored easily from point-blank range.

The game might still have gone Guinea's way, but on that bone-hard pitch dried out by the blazing sun, a freak accident allowed Guinea to restore their two-goal margin. Calva Fonfana tried to chest down a lob in a Mali attack, but the ball hit a rut in the ground and bounced up on to his arm. The referee, Dieng Tanor, decided it was a penalty. After the inevitable protests had subsided, Sangare placed the ball on the spot and without taking a proper run up slid the ball carefully into the corner.

So Morocco, Congo-Kinshasha, Congo-Brazzaville, Kenya, Togo and Mali join the holders, Sudan, and the hosts, Cameroons, in the finals. Cameroons, with yet another German coach—Peter Schnittger, who held a similar post with the Ivory Coast until last year—fancy their chances of doing well in front of their own Yaounde supporters. Eteme, their leading scorer, and Manga-Onguene, the midfield schemer, are the players Schnittger himself picks out for future international recognition.

That leaves the Sudan, confident of retaining their title, but suffering from a lack of serious opposition while lesser sides have struggled to qualify for the finals. Their coach, who bears the magnificent name Mahmoud el Zoubiri, has made several changes in the side, but I see Sabit, a great goalkeeper in his day, is still there, and so is Bashir, the aptly christened centre-forward. But I am told the real strength of the side rests with Bushra and Bushara, who have established a fine combination in midfield.

Morocco, on form, ought to meet and beat the Sudan in the final, but if Mali can entice their outstanding goalscorer, Salif Keita, back from France and Saint Etienne, anything would be possible.

Apart from Kenya and the two Congo sides, none of whom entered for the Olympic Games, the finalists have all done well in the Olympic Qualifying Tournament and are through to the final groups. In Group One Mali took advantage of Algeria's domestic disciplinary problems to eliminate them, while Lalmas, to name but one of their outstanding players, was suspended. Morocco found Niger easy meat, and Tunisia scraped home against a United Arab Republic team sadly lacking match practice.

CARLOS ALBERTO.

BRAZIL OUT OF TOUCH

ON another warm continent the Brazilians have had a glut of internationals which have been largely overshadowed by Pelé's theatrical departure. Indeed, so many column inches were devoted to eulogising Pelé, that Brazil's lamentable performances were largely overlooked. One victory in six matches, all of them in South America, and that against the largely embryonic Czechoslovak team, is hardly the stuff of champions. True, the Brazilians did come within a minute of beating Argentina in Buenos Aires, but the Argentinians have had 18 months without a single exacting international, and lack of competition is always a significant factor.

Brazil may plead a series of injuries, to key players such as Gerson, Jairzinho and Carlos Alberto, the captain in Mexico who did not play in even one of the six games; but the malaise lies deeper than that. Pelé's retirement from international football—although he continues to score prolifically for Santos on those tours that remind one of a travelling circus — had a huge psychological impact, and the Brazilians are desperately searching for a new super-star.

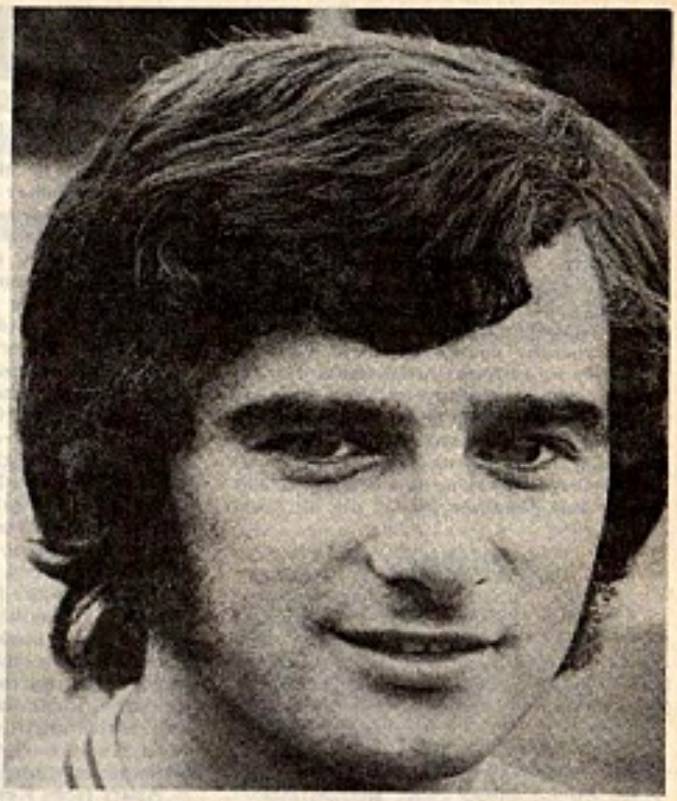
Pelé himself believes that Paulo Cesar can fill the role, but I suspect the main advantage of extreme youth and (in the start) virtually no publicity has already been lost. Cesar enjoys too much the glamour of being the second Pelé ever to emulate his achievements. And without a second Pelé, Brazil may have to fall back on such mundane measures as . . . teamwork.

The other team that did so well in the Mexico World Cup, Peru, may at last get that European tour their association could not afford in 1969. I met one of their officials the other day, one Carlos Inurritegui, whose instructions are to arrange at least five full-scale internationals in the spring of 1973. Among the countries he favours are West Germany, Italy, France, Spain and England, though I shall be extremely surprised if the Peruvians actually can arrange a game in London.

The tour is part of several important preparations set in motion by their new coach, Hungarian Lajos Baroti, who is particularly anxious for the Peruvians to become familiar with European refereeing. But unless Didi returns specially for the World Cup, that brilliant attacking style we saw in Mexico may give way to a much more conservative European system of play.

Pompey's major prospect

by CHRIS WEST



NORMAN PIPER [Portsmouth]

NORMAN PIPER is a young man blessed with considerable good looks, which guarantee him some measure of the adulation and hero-worship given to stars like Georgie Best; though good looks in themselves are no guarantee of reaching the top in soccer, perhaps the cruellest and most cut-throat of all the "Showbiz" professions.

But then Piper, standing at the crossroads in this soccer business, is also a young man of outstanding talent, and it is this which makes him an exciting prospect. Already, with a succession of England Under-23 caps and selection for two FA tours under his belt, Piper is realistic enough to know that something more, even, than his great natural artistry will have to mature within his game if he is to "make it" as an England player in his chosen mid-field role. This "thing" has nothing to do with physical toughness—it has a lot to do with mental and spiritual stamina.

Product

Piper, a softly-spoken West Countryman, seemed First Division bound when he developed into an exciting product at Home Park, Plymouth, and he made his England Under-23 début against Bulgaria on his home ground in April, 1970.

There were rumours that big clubs were moving in, but no bids materialised, mainly because an £80,000 price tag was too high to tempt them.

His move to Portsmouth for a bargain £40,000 in May of the same year, came about because Ron Tindall, new team manager at Fratton Park, happened to be in the right place at the right time.

When Piper was playing against Portsmouth in a testimonial match at Weymouth, Tindall showed his interest in a talk with Ellis Stuttard, Plymouth's acting manager.

The West Country club were desperately in need of cash, and after ten days of secret talks, Piper signed for £40,000, equalling the record fee Pompey paid for another Argyle star—Mike Trebilcock, who rose to fame overnight when he scored twice in Everton's 3-2 FA Cup Final triumph against Sheffield Wednesday in 1966.

Although the signing must be considered something of a "coup" for the FA management-trained Tindall, a "gentleman's agreement" apparently went with the deal, in that Portsmouth declared they would not stand in Piper's way should a First Division club seek his signature.

Piper is starting another season with Pompey, struggling to turn the corner after a depressing decade, but the scarcity of genuine talent in midfield is such that he could soon attract the big-spenders in the First Division.

Footwork

He pleased Sir Alf Ramsey last season in the England Under-23 matches against West Germany, Sweden, and Scotland, and in the right side his talents could flourish.

Piper's footwork can be dazzling. He measures a pass with instinctive accuracy, and adds creative flair to any attack. He is industrious, though somewhat less impressive in defence. Hence my earlier remarks about "mental stamina", which seems to be the key to this problem. In the modern game the ideal midfield man is not an "individualist", or a right-footed player, but the "complete footballer".

If he has not the "killer instinct" of a striker, he must, at the very least, be a man (viz. Nobby Stiles) who will never let go. Piper does "let go" too often.

He hopes that he will benefit from the FA summer tour in Australia which involved travelling close on 40,000 miles and playing in eight of the ten matches in six weeks. The tourists won nine matches, drew one, and beat the Australian national side twice by a single goal.

Pompey's England Under-23 midfield star scored two goals—and told me that he thoroughly enjoyed the tour, although, as he remarked, the "tests" against the "national" sides apart, the general standard of opposition was extremely low (about Fourth Division, he said), so obviously the Aussies have a long way to go to become a force in the game.

Now, as Piper settles to the hard realities of the Second Division, where flair is all too rarely seen, he must wonder whether the road is indeed leading him to a place at the top.

Curriculum Vitae: Piper, Norman
Age: 23. **Height:** 5 ft. 6½ in. **Weight:** 9 st. 11 lb.

Apprentice

Comes from North Tawton, Devon village near Okehampton. He went to Birmingham City for a two-months trial during the big freeze of 1962–63 season when football came to a complete halt. He returned home without playing in a match and signed as an apprentice for Plymouth, his local club.

Made his début against Ipswich when he was 17 and occupied no fewer than nine positions in more than 200 appearances for Plymouth in the Second and Third Divisions.

Signed for Portsmouth in May 1970, for £40,000, and played in all matches last season as well as gaining three England Under-23 caps.

Dynamo Kiev are in front

LEAGUE leaders from the off in the USSR, Dynamo Kiev dropped a home point to Torpedo Moscow, who have had an in and out season. Playing a very cautious kind of game, as indicated by the goal-scoring figures 21 against 6 in 15 games, this is the price that has to be paid occasionally.

Following this up with a prestige-boosting 1-0 win in Moscow against reigning champions CSZKA (the first 100,000 capacity crowd of the season at the Lenin Stadium for a domestic match) the Ukrainians are happy enough.

With only one defeat in 16 games and leading the field by four points as they start the second half of the campaign they are comfortably placed and with the giant Rudakov in goal putting on fine performances they will be champions—barring a miracle.

Moscow Spartak captain Husainov.

Should Dynamo Kiev fail—which seems highly unlikely at this stage—it could be rank outsiders Ararat of Jerevan who take the title. With an unknown team they have come from the East to surprise everyone—even themselves.

At home to Torpedo, still a good pulling name in the provinces, Ararat packed a capacity 60,000 crowd into their Razdan Stadium and so far this season have an average home gate of slightly more than 50,000.

Dynamo Moscow meanwhile are third (six points from Kiev) with Neftchi (Baku) fourth; the champions CSZKA sixth and Spartak, the 1969 "masters", languishing in the lower half of the table.

Half-way

At the half-way mark Spartak went down 0-2 at home to Torpedo in the Moscow derby watched by 40,000 and then suddenly seemed to recover much of their lost bite just in time for the FA Cup semi-finals. While everyone expected another all-Moscow final ASK Rostov (struggling against relegation) beat Torpedo 3-1, while Spartak rose above themselves to beat Neftchi by no less than 5-0!

At last Spartak had found their touch it seemed but in the final they had to really pull out everything against the Army side from Rostov on the Don. After a 2-2 draw Spartak finally took the Red Army Cup with a goal scored by international wing-half Kisseljev to nil.

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Chelsea's Tommy Baldwin and Peter Simpson of Arsenal tussle for the ball in their recent League match, while (left to right) Dave Webb, John Radford, Bob McNab and Pat Rice watch attentively.

GOOD START FOR ARSENAL

by

MARK PARSONS

ARSENAL began the defence of their Football League crown in splendid fashion when the 1971–72 season opened in England. Chelsea, current holders of the Cup Winners Cup and considered to be one of the teams capable of wresting the league title away from Highbury, were easily beaten 3-0.

There were those who criticised Arsenal last season for their lack of enterprise and entertainment value. Their display against Chelsea suggested that Arsenal will play even better this season and in a fashion that will delight even the purists.

Outstanding

Certainly Ray Kennedy and John Radford showed more skill and flair than one had previously given them credit for. Radford's goal, the third, was a gem and Kennedy throughout looked an outstanding prospect.

While Arsenal were galloping away, Leeds United—beaten on the post last season—collected a difficult two points at Maine Road against Manchester City. Despite the presence of big Wyn Davies in their front line, City were not at their best. Leeds won with a goal that Peter Lorimer should never have been allowed to score. Four players had their names taken in this match—not so encouraging—but Mike Doyle in particular can count himself a little unfortunate.

I have for long campaigned that tackling from behind should be barred but if Football League referees have been instructed to take a tougher line then the players should first be made aware of any change in official policy. I am sure Doyle would not even have been warned last term but his name went into the book along with England internationals Francis Lee, Jackie Charlton and Norman Hunter.

Don Howe, a manager in his own right now with West Bromwich Albion, had the satisfaction of seeing his side scoop two points at West Ham with a single goal from last season's top Football League goalscorer, Tony Brown.

But the West Ham defence was caught terribly square as Brown burst through.

Frank O'Farrell was doubtless highly delighted when his new charges, Manchester United, went 2-0 up against Derby County with goals from Denis Law and Alan Gowling. But some of those now too familiar United weaknesses in defence allowed Derby to pull level.

Charity Shield

Jimmy Bloomfield, off to a good start as manager of Leicester (his team won the Charity Shield, beating Liverpool 1-0), will no doubt be wondering why his side surrendered a 2-0 lead at Huddersfield.

In Scotland, Celtic had little difficulty in defeating Rangers 2-0 and even at this early stage it is almost impossible to envisage any club stopping Celtic from potting just about any Cup they fancy north of the border this season.

World SOCCER
GEORGE BEST and GORDON BANKS
Manchester Utd
Stoke City

BETIS of Spain Back row, left to right: Villanova, Pachon, Diaz, Frigols, Irizar, Ezequiel. Front: Macario, Isauro, Macicha, Gonzalez, Benitez.